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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Salisbury's tribute to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg was very just, and it gauged with singular accuracy the nature and degree of the national feeling at the Duke's death. "He was a man who stood high in the profession to which he belonged—a profession which is the most honoured of all among us; and who had an influence and a reputation in that profession which was well earned by his capacity. For this and for many other personal reasons his loss will be deeply felt. But to us there is another and a closer call upon our sympathy in that the bereavement affects the Sovereign who has been more beloved than any other who has sat on the Throne of this country. We have to offer our condolence to the Queen on this lamentable loss. In doing so we assure her that we are fully sensible of the loss which she has sustained in the valuable life which has been taken away from her; that her sorrows in these matters are our sorrows, her loss is our loss." That is the way in which the whole people looks at this melancholy event, which, sudden as it was, was not wholly unexpected by those who were in a position to know the truth. Of course, the Duke's adoption of another country and another title had caused him to pass out of English life, nor was the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha ever so much in the thoughts of Englishmen as had been the Duke of Edinburgh.

The assassination of King Humbert is one of those pieces of gratuitous wickedness which are rapidly becoming a characteristic of the age. The faults of the present Parliamentary systems in Italy are many and grave, but for none of them was the late monarch mainly responsible. The chief of his faults was that he insisted too little on the part of ruler. In the performance of the ceremonial duties of constitutional King he was blameless and in his sympathy with the lower classes he was on all occasions, if anything, too lavish. His return from the distribution of prizes at a gymnastic fête was selected by a miscreant to perpetrate a deed for which it is inconceivable to find any motive save diseased vanity. As in the case of the Prince of Wales at Brussels, the victim seems to have ignored too fully the protection of the police cordon. That the attempt was successful in one case and not in the other was due rather to steadiness of aim than to lack of opportunity. Bresci was not a resident in Italy,

and had not the excuse of personal suffering or the contemplation of the sufferings of others to plead in explanation of resentment against the existing framework of Italian society. On the contrary he appears to have been in a decent situation in America.

The attempt in Paris on the Shah's life, following so closely on the murder of King Humbert, once more demonstrates, what no one will surely now be found to question, that the disposition to commit crime of that class, crime actuated not by fanaticism but a mad morbid vanity, is highly contagious. An attempt on a distinguished man's life in one place suggests a similar attempt in another, and the excitement and baleful éclat following on all such deeds provides stimulus enough to convert the suggestion into an act. The Shah has happily escaped, as did the Prince in Brussels; but the warning must not be disregarded. A private individual may, if he will, take his life in his hands, but the life of a ruler is in a very grave sense not his own to play with. We pointed out at the time the danger the Prince would run if he visited the Paris Exhibition. The warning was plainly not ill placed.

It is strange that neither of the leaders in the Commons alluded to the Anarchist question. In the matter of political assassination civilised society seems to be rapidly descending to the level of the sixteenth century, but for widely different reasons. In the case of Booth, Guiteau, Sipido, Bresci and the present-day assassins, the patent cause is uniformly personal, fancied injury or desired fame. Fanaticism instigated the murderer of Henri III., Henri IV., and William the Silent. It is quite clear that an assassin of the latter sort who relies on some kind of diseased conviction, religious or political, is a very much more difficult danger to ward off than a seeker after notoriety who is not a madman pure and simple. It may well be, as Lords Salisbury and Kimberley suggested in the House of Lords, that the civilised governments of the world have been too lenient in their attitude towards these monsters whose actions are evidently not dictated by religious zeal or political oppression.

Another stage of the game which the Chinese official personages at Peking are playing, with the lives of the Europeans as pieces, has been reached. First, at the time when the allies seemed about to collapse at Tien-tsin, the news was spread that the Europeans had been murdered, the Ministers being included in the massacre. Next, when the allies recovered themselves at Tien-tsin, the Ministers were restored to life through the instrumentality of Shêng who had before murdered them to order, and a period of uncertainty follows purposely

prolonged by the Chinese who await what they hope will happen through the jealous dissensions of the Powers. Hints, suggestions, statements are made that the advance of the allies will mean the massacre of the Ministers and Li-Hung-Chang appears on the scene evidently prepared to negotiate on these lines. Last of all comes the stage when in view of the demands of the Powers direct communication with the Ministers is permitted and the intention becomes clearer than ever that as hostages they shall be turned to account in obtaining the most favourable terms.

This last stage was reached when the contents of a letter from Sir Claude Macdonald dated 21 July was telegraphed to the Admiralty on 30 July by Rear-Admiral Bruce who had received it at Taku on 28 July. Other similar messages of about the same date have been received from Sir Robert Hart and Mr. Bredon, Mr. Conger the American Minister and Dr. Morrison the "Times" correspondent, as well as from the German and Japanese Legations. The effect of most of them may be stated as in Sir Claude Macdonald's message; that from 20 June to 16 July the Legations (for it appears that the British is not the only Legation building standing as was reported) were attacked with both artillery and rifle fire but that after the 16th there was what is called by Sir Claude Macdonald an armistice. All the women and children were in the British Legation. The casualties which include sixty-two killed are apparently those of the Legation Guards with the exception of Mr. David Oliphant and Mr. Warren of the British Legation.

Sir Claude Macdonald's message does not lay any special stress on the danger of the present situation of the Europeans in Peking but the Japanese message of the 22nd and one from Captain Sheba the United States military attaché both mention the shortness of ammunition. The latter says "We are daily waiting with the greatest anxiety for the arrival of the reinforcing army and if you cannot reach here in less than a week's time it is probable that we shall be unable to hold out any longer," and Mr. Conger in a note to Tien-tsin says "If they continue to shell us as they have done, we cannot hold out for long and a complete massacre would follow." A private message received at the same time and place remarks that the great danger is considered to be from the Chinese army outside entering the city if they are defeated by the relieving force.

On the other hand it is asserted in a message also from Peking that the failure of the relief expedition made the siege far more perilous and the issue of the Edict of 18 July enjoining protection of foreigners and promising compensation, is attributed to the report that a large relief force was reported as about to leave Tien-tsin. This quite agrees with the effect which we have already mentioned was produced on the Chinese, as shown in the messages published by Shêng as to the deaths or the safety of the Ministers. The early advance of the relief force makes it natural that Admiral Courrejollès should have telegraphed to Paris from Chifu, that one of the symptoms of pacification is an edict in which the Government declares it is not responsible for the present state of things, that it has done all in its power to maintain peace, that it still means to observe the treaties as to foreigners and the missionaries. The comment of the private message that the foreign Governments should beware of being hoodwinked is one to be borne in mind when the evident object of all the Chinese diplomacy, both in China itself and at the various Courts, is to stave off by every possible means the advance on Peking.

We do not find any indications in the official messages of any of that dread of massacre consequent on the approach of the relief force which the Chinese officials are so anxious to spread. One American message says "We are all waiting impatiently the arrival of the reinforcing army. When are you coming?" Mr. Conger's hope is that relief can come soon. Chinese messages may speak of the Government giving the Legations their protection, of furnishing supplies and generally

acting the part of the good Samaritan to the unfortunates fallen among thieves, but of all that there is nothing said in the messages. "High Chinese officials in London" or elsewhere may profess that these predictions of danger are not merely diplomatic but a serious statement of facts: but the foreign residents in Peking have already formulated the dilemma for themselves. They can hold out if the relief force arrives quickly, and a successful march would save them. Even an unsuccessful effort however disastrous otherwise would not increase their actual present peril.

Tuesday brought important news from South Africa. It was announced that General Prinsloo and 5,000 Boers had surrendered to General Hunter; this was modified on Wednesday when we learned that the number was under 1,000. There are still therefore considerable bodies of the enemy at large in that district with several guns, but the ultimate surrender of the majority cannot long be delayed, though doubtless some will escape. Major-General Baden-Powell is in Rustenburg with about 1,800 men surrounded by a larger force of the enemy under Delarey, but he should have little difficulty in holding his own and may count on speedy relief. De Wet's opportunities for mischief are now greatly circumscribed. He has a small body with him and would seem to have only the chance of joining Delarey to save him from the alternatives of surrender or the dispersal of his force. But that chance is a very slender one for Lord Methuen should intervene, to say nothing of General Broadwood.

All who have been engaged in the present campaign know that there has been little scouting on our side in the true sense of the word, the reason being probably the lack of trained scouts. Scouting proper is the function of trained men working singly, in pairs or threes, and is not to be confounded with reconnoitring. The scout should not only be specially trained, but must ride lighter than cavalry or mounted infantry. His duty being solely to obtain and carry information, his only weapon should be a revolver. Men in South Africa have been sent out nominally to scout so loaded with rifles and other impedimenta as to suggest the White Knight in "Alice in Wonderland." There ought to be formed a special corps of Imperial Guides, mounted on light, active horses, and trained to no other work but scouting; and the different companies, British and Colonial, being interchangeable, every type of country in which it might be necessary to carry on military operations would be thoroughly understood by each individual company.

As we indicated last week, the Alaskan Boundary is cropping up again at a highly inconvenient juncture. Driven by the exigencies of the Presidential campaign the Republican journals will soon find themselves obliged to take up an attitude no less irreconcilable than that of their opponents. The old cry that did duty when the Maine and Oregon boundaries were under discussion is being raised again, that not an inch of American soil, or rather soil in the occupation of American citizens, must be surrendered to the foreigner. This we are told would take place in the event of the Report of the Commission for establishing a *modus vivendi* being acted upon. It is no consolation to our statesmen that, as in the case of Oregon, the present condition of things is the result of drift, and neglect to define our rights years ago before any claims to consideration by individuals had been established. Attacks are already being made by Republicans on Mr. Hay as too English in his sympathies. Englishmen might with more justice resent the ingenuity with which he manœuvred our diplomatists into siding with America in the Spanish war. But this is the penalty for possessing some claims to statesmanship where politics are the sport of Bosses.

Some interesting figures are supplied by the "Standard" as to the results of the preferential tariff in Canada on trade with the Mother Country. The tariff came into effect in 1894. In 1897 Canadian purchases from Great Britain entered for consumption

in Canada stood at \$29,412,000. In 1898 the figure had risen to \$32,500,000 and in 1899 to \$37,000,000. The fiscal year just closed shows a further rise to over \$40,000,000. The ad valorem duty exacted on English goods entering Canada in 1896 was 30·19 per cent., under the preferential tariff now existing it has fallen to 22 per cent. The exports of Canada to this country also show a considerable increase under the new conditions. In 1897 they stood at \$69,532,000, in 1898 they increased to \$93,065,000 and in 1899 to \$85,114,000. The exports of Canada to Great Britain in animals and agricultural products in 1897 amounted to \$47,108,000 and in 1899 to \$60,052,000. The new tariff would appear therefore to be gradually achieving the result for which it was instituted and from every point of view the improvement is one of the highest interest.

Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt with all their differences are alike in planning to appear unexpectedly and mysteriously as the saviours of their country. That is their own conception of their rôle, but in fact these sudden appearances as *dei ex machina* after long intervals of neglect of their ordinary duties in Parliament are quite futile, and they leave matters exactly where they found them. We need only refer to Lord Rosebery's recent emergence from his Olympian cloud to make the speech on what we may call Lord Wemyss' Attaché vaticination, and to the vastly clever and amusing but equally abortive speech of Sir William on the new war loan. When these reappearances become mere repetitions of previous performances then the trick is given away and the effect spoiled. Lord Lansdowne found the exact description of the second edition of Lord Rosebery's former alarmist speech in the phrase "infructuous criticism." Lord Rosebery did not even bring his speech up to date by adopting the prediction of November disasters, accompanied by portents of shooting stars. Nervous though he may be about military matters, certain electoral events that may happen before that month were evidently giving him more concern.

Sir William's speech is even more plainly an electioneering effort, and very amusing it is to see these rival Achilles emerging from their tents one after the other, each with his different and inconsistent set of complaints against their rival Agamemnon. For the purpose of chaffing Sir William, Sir Michael Hicks Beach identified himself with the Greek King of Men but we take leave to see in Lord Salisbury the real Agamemnon. But let it be Agamemnon, or simpler still just Lord Salisbury, and it is easy to see that both Lord Rosebery and Sir William have their eyes on the approaching elections. Hence their Box-and-Cox-like appearances on the scene at the present moment when the session is just coming to an end. Lord Rosebery is more alarmist than Lord Wemyss and more penurious than Mr. Labouchere. Lord Rosebery when he happens to wake up is ultra Liberal Imperialist; and when Sir William notes that his rival is awake, this stirs him to his utmost exertions to become the greatest Little Englander of them all, and to save the situation by promises to save the revenue.

The political quidnuncs have been much exercised during the past week over the position of the Liberal Imperialist section of the Opposition. It is not a matter for legitimate surprise that those gentlemen should at length have deliberately revolted from the ignominious attitude of their so-called leader, nor that he should resent their independent action, though in what way their conduct is more reprehensible from a party point of view than that of the extremists who also refused to run away from their convictions and voted against the Government is not obvious. Those who predicted the retirement of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as the result of the incident little knew how high a value it is possible for a *roi fainéant* to put upon his phantom sovereignty. The position was greatly complicated for all parties by a letter which appeared in the "Times" on 27 July, and immediately received a good deal more attention than its writer hoped for it, if we are to take the explanation he now puts forward as the true one.

He claims to have put Mr. Chamberlain and those who think with him that the war is the only issue before the country in a dilemma by insisting that in that case no opposition should be offered by the Unionists to the return of the Liberal Imperialists with the Government. Following the lead of the "Times" politicians in general have treated the suggestion as serious, the writer says it was ironical. Irony is apt to be a two-edged weapon in English politics and has proved so in this case. It has only injured the Liberal Imperialists and helped the Little Englanders. But if the proposal were serious we cannot too strongly repudiate it. We have never hesitated to point out that the most desirable factor at the present time is a strong Opposition. A course of action which would lead to the weakening of an Opposition already dangerously feeble, and the addition of a fresh centre for faction in the present overcharged majority, would be a grievous enlargement of an already too ponderous machine. Compactness is wanted on both sides, not new material in which to form flaws and fissures. The Liberal Imperialists should be left to leave their own party which will not be effected by further efforts to smother the Tory element in the party now in power.

The London County Council is in an adventurous mood. A Thames steamboat service, a rifle range for Volunteers, and new tramways estimated to cost with the necessary street widenings nearly £2,000,000 are amongst its latest projects. The steamboat scheme does not look promising from a financial point of view, and it evidently needs to be thoroughly overhauled. If the service is properly equipped and organised it ought to have a fair prospect of success, but Progressive methods of business must be ruled out. The proposal to provide a rifle range met with hot opposition from Radicals, but fortunately there were enough "Liberal Imperialists" in the Council to enable the Conservatives to get it adopted. The War Office will contribute half the net cost of acquiring the land for the range, and no appreciable charge will be placed upon the rates as the Council will receive the rents paid by the Volunteers. The tramway proposals are not all likely to be carried out, as they include schemes for tramways down the Embankment and over Westminster Bridge which have recently been rejected by Parliament, and also schemes which are certain to be blocked by the veto of the local authorities.

Lord Claud Hamilton's language about the dignity of his Company, the Great Eastern, and the "mischievous body called the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants," was neither dignified nor wise. It spoiled the real dignity and sense shown in accepting the delegates chosen at the meeting of the men on Saturday in accordance with Mr. Ritchie's suggestion, and the acceptance in the general body of delegates of the seventeen men previously elected who would not join the nominated representatives of the directors. As the men have acted discreetly so far they will no doubt withdraw the election of a certain delegate to attend each of the representative grades to which the directors object. The way therefore lies clear for the discussion of the substantial question at issue, that of wages, about which we offer no opinion. As to this Lord Claud Hamilton is very absolute, but that seems to be natural to his temperament. In spite of his protests against the Society he and the directors have had the good sense to accept the results of the meeting which was just as much, or as little, under the influence of the Society as the first meeting was. And what does it amount to? Just this that the Society represented, as the meeting showed, both the Society men and the non-society men; the general body of the Company's workmen. This is frequently the case in labour disputes, though some employers will make it a point of honour to draw a distinction that does not really exist.

Mr. Balfour at Cambridge on Thursday discussed the nineteenth century and other centuries, their beginnings and their endings, on a philosophical method as different from the arithmetical calculations with which end of the century controversies recently

made us familiar as, say, speeches on second readings are from speeches in committee. The real divisions of time are the great periods of philosophy, literature, science and art. These and not dates are history, and Mr. Balfour illustrated this conception by a number of interesting generalisations from events such as the meeting of the States-General in France in 1789, the "Lyrical Ballads" in 1798, the "Génie du Christianisme" in 1802, Laplace's "Mécanique Céleste" in 1825. It is "centuries" such as these that we admire or detest according to our personal sentiments. We are charmed even though we may happen to differ when Mr. Balfour says "I dislike the seventeenth century and like the eighteenth." Such likes and dislikes form that intellectual atmosphere which cultivated men breathe in common, the larger world suffused with a light brighter than that of the common day. The greatest idea in the nineteenth or the twentieth century to Mr. Balfour is the probable synthesis of all physics into one dynamic force and the influence of this on the religious idea. It is the greatest conception of unity ever yet presented to the human mind and gives a nearer view of Christian theism which discoveries in several branches of science have sometimes confused. We are not surprised that Mr. Balfour rejects the view that the conception will foster a new and refined materialism.

The accident on the Matterhorn is one of those unhappy catastrophes of Alpine climbing which no prudence can avert. The risk of a stone shower is one that must be incurred in some localities. The adventure on the Weisshorn, resulting in the death of one experienced mountaineer, cannot be included in the same class. All experience of expeditions without guides goes to show that the best amateur is inferior to the experienced professional, when he is in the presence of a complicated situation. As is usual these unhappy occurrences have given the journalist "en vacance" a fine opportunity for displaying his ignorance. Mr. Douglas Freshfield has with commendable promptitude exposed the misrepresentations of a writer in the "Daily News" who supplied a column of cheap pathos on the relations of guides and their employers. This gentleman was inexpressibly shocked to find that the guide and his employers are not allowed even to sleep together in the churchyard at Zermatt, forgetting or rather ignorant of the fact that this was due solely to the guides being Roman Catholics while their employers were not. The correspondent is of course quite unaware that the late Herr Leiter was the object of excommunication by local clergy for his complaisance towards the demand for an English Church; he is also quite ignorant of the close friendship existing between all lovers of the mountains and their guides.

Nothing could better illustrate the state of business on the Stock Exchange than the fact that an unparalleled series of sensations during the week has not produced any violent fluctuations. At another period of the year, or with a big speculative account open, the news from Peking, South Africa, and Italy would have caused ups and downs. But as a matter of fact Chinese bonds have only risen slightly, while South African mines have been firm, but not buoyant. It is remarkable that the two best markets are those unaffected by political news, namely, the copper market and Westralians. Rio Tintos rose to 57, Anacondas to 9, and Lake Views to 14½. In American rails, with the exception of Union Pacifics which have been strong on the declaration of the 2 per cent. dividend, there has been absolutely nothing doing. The Central London Railway, which was formally open to the public on Monday, has begun its career well, some 89,000 passengers having travelled by it on the first day. It is estimated that 100,000 passengers a day are sufficient to ensure good dividends, and it is therefore not surprising that the Ordinary shares have risen from 9½ to 10½. The new Indian Three per Cent. Loan, which early in the week was quoted at ½ premium, is now quoted no better than 95½, the issue price. Dear money continues to depress gilt-edged securities, including Home Railway debentures and Consols, which closed at 97½ for cash, and 97½ for the account.

PEKING—A RIFT IN THE CLOUD.

THE Imperial authorities have at last seen the wisdom of confirming their assurances that the Ministers were safe by the only evidence that Europe would accept. It was the mystery of their absolute silence that crushed hopefulness even in the most sanguine, and confirmed pessimists in their despair. It is scarcely a figure of speech to say that Sir Claude Macdonald's message of 21 July and others which have come since in quick succession were received throughout Europe with a gasp of relief. The anxiety of the British Empire may have been less universal than that felt about Ladysmith, because the national honour was not similarly engaged. Here were representatives of all civilised nations concerned! But we were oppressed by the certainty that their fate would be barbarous if the assailants succeeded in carrying the position. How the small garrison contrived to withstand, behind their improvised defences, twenty-six days of continuous assault, is a story that remains to be told. There are men inside Peking who will know how to tell it if they succeed, after all, in emerging from the inferno into the light of day. For the end, be it noted, is not yet. All we know is that the Legations were safe on the 22nd July, and that the attack had then been suspended for a week. They who believe in the superior efficacy of persuasion may be invited to note that the cessation followed close upon the allies' success at Tien-tsin. Edict after edict had, up to that time, approved the doings of the Boxers, commended the "gallantry" shown in besieging the Legations, and urged the Viceroy to take a hand in the game. Then, on 18 July, another decree was issued, making a complete volte-face.

The danger is not ended; but it is much that a halt has been called. The Chinese are as excitable as superstitious; but excitement tends to subside, and exploded superstitions tend to react. We hear of soldiers, who had joined the Boxers in attacking Tien-tsin, since revenging themselves on the Boxers for having led them into a bad job. It is conceivable that somewhat similar, though varying, considerations are affecting the Imperial councils in Peking. The Extremists carried all momentarily before them. The retreat of the allied relief force gave them strength, and the defeat of the Chinese army at Tien-tsin gave them pause. If they could not, with their best available troops in vastly superior numbers, prevail against the comparatively small force which foreigners had been able in the emergency to land at Tien-tsin, what would happen when the latter had collected their strength? The effect of these reflections became evident in Yung Lu's proffer of an armistice, in the issue of an edict disclaiming responsibility, and in an order to Li-Hung-Chang to negotiate for peace. It is the fashion to decry Li-Hung-Chang—which is another case, perhaps, of recoil. He was the recipient, when in Europe, of somewhat excessive adulation; and excessive anticipations of progress were based on the clever speeches made on his behalf by Sir Chichen Lofenglo. Then, when these great expectations were disappointed, people reversed their attitude; they failed to recognise the difficulties of the situation, and they failed to remember that Li was a Chinaman, old, and under a cloud. Disappointed in their anticipations of the transformation which he was to effect, as magician or dictator, directly on his return, they were ready to censure him for selling his country to Russia, when the withdrawal of the British ships from Port Arthur left China no alternative but to worship the crescent Power. Li has since been slowly recovering a measure of the influence which he lost through the issue of the war with Japan; and in now turning to him in its difficulty, the Court is following the precedent which Courts always love to find. It was always "Li" when he was in his heyday. It was Li who, after playing an important part in quelling the Taipings, was set to extinguish the Nienfei rebellion in Shantung. It was Li who negotiated with Sir Thomas Wade the Convention designed to atone for the murder of Margary in Yunnan; Li who persuaded Korea to make treaties with foreigners, and Li who negotiated the Treaty of 1871 and various

Subsequent conventions with Japan. Li has held nearly all the chief Viceroyalties in China: the Two Kiang, and the Two Hu, Shantung, Chih-li, and, now, the Two Kwang. He is old and evidently unwilling to face the worry of unravelling a terrible complication. But he is probably the one man in China who has some pretension to statesmanship in the European sense. The Court has, in calling upon him, given evidence of a perception that instead of being on the high road to victory it has landed itself in difficulties whence only men of a very different type from its Manchu princes and placemen can extricate it.

The point we would emphasise is that this followed in time upon the success of the allies at Tien-tsin. The corollary is inevitable; and it is strengthened by the remark, in one of the communications that have been allowed to issue, lately, from Peking, that "the report of a large relief force leaving Tien-tsin has been productive of the change." Sir Michael Seymour, writing shortly after the events of 1857-8, affirmed that "nothing but the conclusive evidence of irresistible force will ever fully satisfy the Chinese Government;" and the aphorism is eternally true. There are some who condemn the bombardment of the Taku Forts, ignoring the fact that the relief party had been cut off, that the garrison was being strengthened, and that preparations were being made evidently to attack the foreign settlement at Tien-tsin. Relief could approach only from a naval base; and we have no hesitation in saying that, if command of the approaches from that base had not been obtained, we now should have to record another "massacre of Tien-tsin." We contend for the same reason that wisdom consists in hastening forward to Peking. That the Chinese should attempt to use the Ministers as hostages to ward off a consummation which they dread is characteristic. It is characteristic also, in some degree, of a tone of thought. In China the iniquity of theft depends mainly on the amount of loss. The punishment when the stolen goods are recovered, is much less than when they are not. The idea is retaliation. Western jurisprudence adds the principle of deterrence. And the opportunity must be taken to impress on the Chinese a lesson in the consequences of massacre and outrage, which is calculated to endure. It is not a question of the Legations alone. There are congregated now at and around Peking, besides the soldiery of Tung Fuh-siang, hordes of Boxers who have swept in a tornado of arson, murder and pillage over Chih-li and the adjacent regions. If we do not crushingly defeat and disperse these, and bring home by the fact of occupation that the defeat is complete, the boast will spread that foreigners have been overcome and that, if the envoys were spared, it was out of Imperial benignity and from a persuasion that they had been sufficiently frightened and convinced of the error of their ways. The Chinese Minister in London is reported to have said, at the close of a recent interview:—"The allies should co-operate as much as possible with the Throne in putting down Tung Fuh-siang. He stands between the Ministers and safety." The task set Li-Hung-Chang is, apparently, to dissuade the allies from advancing, on condition that the Ministers are sent safely to Tien-tsin. He is an old ally of the Empress, and it is natural that he should try to obey her command; but he really knows that Sir Michael Seymour's proposition is true. The Legations are asking not for negotiations but for relief. The attack may be renewed at any moment, through a new tilt of the scales in the Imperial Council, or a fresh outbreak of savagery among the ill-disciplined beleaguering force.

The task before the allies, moreover, is twofold. They have not only to release the inmates of the Legations, but to dispel, by a crushing defeat of the Imperial soldiery, any doubts that may linger among reactionaries in the provinces as to the possibility of eventual success. The attitude of the Viceroys has been excellent; it must have required courage as well as strength and wisdom to resist the appeals which have been addressed to them to emulate, in their respective districts, the carnival of persecution inaugurated in the North. Speaking six weeks ago at Shanghai the

chairman of that important branch of the China Association affirmed once more that "the Peking Government is regarded as hopeless both by the Chinese people and by those foreign Powers which have the welfare of China at heart. But the climax," he continued, "of the Empress Dowager's policy must have come upon us all like a bolt from the blue. We were all quite prepared to acknowledge that the utterly rotten state of the Peking Government was such that important changes must sooner or later come about; but it was felt that either internal rebellion, or foreign pressure, or both were the influences which would bring about a change. No one imagined that, even in its colossal ignorance, the Manchu party would have committed such an act of midsummer madness as to ally itself with the rabble, and challenge the Great Powers of the world. That has been done: a state of war exists at the capital, but fortunately the nation at large has not lost its reason; and whilst the reactionary party of the North are now engaged in actual hostilities with the Great Powers, the local Viceroys and provincial administrations are looking on with pity not unmingled with contempt." The event has demonstrated, not for the first time, the actuality of the great power of the Viceroys which the Association has long been concerned to assert. It will bode ill for the future if that truth is forgotten when the great day of settlement arrives.

A MARTYR TO CONSTITUTIONALISM.

THE cowardly murder of the second King of United Italy is as tragic an event as any in this century. We believe that it is the first instance of regicide in the ancient house of Savoy, but tragic as it is and heartrending, deep as is our sympathy with the Royal widow, for the son, for the nephews, for the better class of His Majesty's subjects, mere human sympathy is for the moment almost swamped by the singular significance of the fact. In past days a king was assassinated for his virtues or his vices; after the unhappy divisions in religion the dagger of the fanatic struck at him for his religious convictions; but King Humbert is the first Royal martyr of Constitutionalism. He has been murdered because he was a "constitutional" King, perhaps the most complete and perfect embodiment of that figure-head monarch so dear to modern notions of monarchy. Poor King! he strove so hard to reign and not to rule; he succeeded so completely in the part; and yet even this could not save him from the bullets of that extreme faction which is but a logical outcome of the principles and methods that placed him and his dynasty upon the revolutionary throne of United Italy.

Who would not weep for this King? He was such a gallant stout-hearted gentleman, he had such a fund of chivalry in the depths of his innermost being, and a heart so easily moved to lovingkindness by the sufferings of others. In the days of his border-land ancestors he would have been like one of them, and his name would have come down to us without stain or reproach, covered with all the glory of saintly and chivalrous deeds. But he was born into the nineteenth century, and his inheritance was a Latin Constitutional Crown. What should a son of Savoy do with so tinsel and flimsy a gewgaw? Humbert strove with pathetic loyalty to be faithful to his pinchbeck inheritance, and he lost first character and energy, then life itself, in the endeavour. So constitutional had he become that he tolerated the most unconstitutional practices of factious deputies, so constitutional that he murmured not at uncongenial and unprincipled Ministers, so constitutional that he was never once known to raise his voice in defence of the ancient faith of his fathers. Indeed, when some years ago, he so far forgot himself as to call upon the name of God in a speech, those people who call themselves "the country" were gravely shocked at so unconstitutional a reference. Alas! poor King! he should have lived in ancient days and not at the end of this century.

They who are living in Italy tell us that the news of the murder was received with singular quiet for so excitable a people. The shops were closed, the theatres shut,

the church bells rung; flags flew at half-mast from many buildings, and each military division in the kingdom fired a salute of a hundred and one guns. But there seems to have been a strange absence of that convulsive grief characteristic of Italians when they feel deeply, and there was none at all of the dignified heart-felt mourning due to the sovereign of an ancient dynasty. We can define the feeling in the Peninsula at best but as one of excitement mingled with apprehension. Strange tales are in the air, and much flying gossip, which in Italy is always interesting. It is again pointed out that no member of the Savoy-Carignans lives to be sixty: Charles Albert died at fifty-one; Victor Emmanuel at fifty-eight; Humbert has been struck down at fifty-six. How these little facts impress imaginative Italians! Then it is pointed out that as Victor Emmanuel died before Pius IX., so Humbert has died before Leo XIII., and so will every King of Italy die before the Pope who follows after him. Pius IX. survived Victor Emmanuel by just twenty-nine days, and so Leo XIII. is now given but a brief further lease of life—*quod Deus avertat!* 'Tis indeed a singular thing that a sovereign, sixty-eight years of age at the time of his election, should have reigned twenty-two years and yet survived a sovereign who succeeded at the same time and was but thirty-four years of age. These are but trifles, and if we mention them at all, it is because they are so characteristic of the country and the people.

Will this terrible calamity affect the prospects of a dynasty which is after all but brand-new in its present possessions? The answer rests with King Humbert's successor. All eyes are now turned upon Victor Emmanuel III., the new sovereign of the modern kingdom of Italy. As Prince of Naples he has been a complete enigma, and never, perhaps, did any nation know so little of its sovereign's heir-apparent. He is known to be an efficient soldier with a turn for strategy; he is a good shot, a fair horseman, a constant yachtsman; his hobby is numismatics and he is a good herald and genealogist. But he has never courted popularity and has never been popular, and the sort of knowledge of him that is public does not help us to estimate his potentialities as a ruler. In infancy and boyhood his health was weak; hence, perhaps, the vague general impression that he is also weak in character. There are those who think that he will prove even more of a figurehead than his unfortunate father; and again there are those who think that he is a "dark horse" and will do strong and great things, and even things autocratic. At the time, he was freely credited with separating his father from Signor Crispi's influence and bringing about the fall of the strong man. This was his one reported interference in affairs of State. Of late months, when the Extreme Left turmoil was at its height, there was talk of King Humbert abdicating in favour of his son, who was to appear as the saviour of the situation and the dynasty.

But be all this as it may be, one thing is certain; that a great opportunity is now presented to Victor Emmanuel III. His task is twofold and is herculean: to make Italy the great and prosperous nation she desires to be and might be, and to reconcile Church and State without which she can never know either greatness or prosperity. Instead of the insignificant dribbles of men now being sent to China, let Victor Emmanuel boldly send 20,000 picked men and five more ships of his fine navy. The Left would be troublesome: there would be an outcry about the cost and the empty exchequer: let him meet that, in the teeth of Germany and Austria, by temporarily reducing his cumbrous army, and so saving the expenditure. If Italy takes a leading share in stamping out Chinese savagery, she will earn the gratitude of the world and the fear of all the enemies of civilisation. She will, in fact, at a bound, become a nation considered of all other nations. The reconciliation of his State with the Church of his ancestors is a far more difficult matter. But since the State is not wholly without blame, let the ruler of that State freely acknowledge the State's share of the blame. Let him boldly set out for Canossa with a loyal and clear programme of conciliation, and the Church must come out to meet him half-way upon the road. If the Church do not then meet him half-way, she will put herself

wholly in the wrong and alienate the sympathy of the civilised world and of foreign Catholics. We appreciate to the full all the thorny difficulties of this task, we are not ignorant of the real power which the bitter blatant anti-clericalism of Italy possesses. But we are going back in spirit some hundreds of years, and are appealing to the son of a Royal house that never knew fear or the shadow of unrighteous compromise. If Victor Emmanuel III. fail in such-like noble endeavours to redeem the fairest portion of God's universe, he will at least have vindicated his character as a man and have saved his honour as the sovereign representative of an ancient and glorious house. Better this, by far, than to be handed down to history as the figurehead of ignoble and destructive factions.

THE SUPPLEMENTAL WAR LOAN.

IT is the nature of all estimates, whether framed by Chancellors of the Exchequer or by builders or by lawyers, to be exceeded. But if anyone had asserted this time last year that the war in South Africa would cost us £69,323,000 and would endure for eleven or twelve months, he would have been requested to sail for Anticyra. Yet even now, as we are embarking upon the eleventh month of fighting in the Transvaal, no man with a reputation to lose, and least of all the Chancellor of the Exchequer, will dare to promise the nation that the war will be over in the next two months. It is true that the last supplementary estimate voted by the House of Commons provides for bringing home the troops and giving gratuities to the men. But everybody has made such gross miscalculations about this war that it is impossible to feel sure the Government is not still too sanguine in its forecast. As for the cost, does anyone imagine that this £8,500,000 is really the last supplementary estimate that will have to be voted for the cost of reconquering South Africa? We have heard nothing as yet about the claims for compensation to loyalists, which, as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach practically admitted to Sir William Harcourt, are certain to run into many millions of pounds. With regard to that portion of the money which is to be applied to the cost of our operations in China, does it not seem almost farcical that, having spent £69,000,000, in our struggle with an army of Boer farmers, which probably never exceeded 50,000 in the field, we should think £3,000,000 sufficient to make any impression upon 400,000,000 Chinese? Of course we go into the Chinese business in company with France, Germany, Russia, Japan, and the United States, and we admit that the situation in China has been much improved by news that was not known to or was disbelieved by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, when asking the House of Commons for money. Still, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, everything is uncertain in China, and the questions to be solved are such that we might at any moment find an ally transformed into an enemy. We do not ourselves anticipate any such untoward development, as we have always considered that where all the Great Powers are concerned a public opinion is created sufficient to check the selfish aims or warlike proclivities of any one Power. But a war arising out of the Chinese crisis is a possibility, and we can only nurse the sincere hope that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is right in thinking that £3,000,000 is enough. The other two items, £200,000 for the Ashanti expedition, and £1,250,000 for the Navy, call for no comment. The borrowing powers which the Chancellor of the Exchequer obtains under the Supplemental War Loan Bill are for £13,000,000, and he has in hand an unexpended balance from previous loans of £6,000,000, making £19,000,000 in all. Sir William Harcourt made a capital electioneering speech on Wednesday, a very vigorous and effective answer to Mr. Chamberlain's performance on a previous evening. In a country ruled by parties it is as "inevitable" (to use a word Sir William Harcourt dislikes) that electioneering speeches should precede an election as that the dawn should precede the day. The onlooker is merely amused by the pious protestations on both sides that there is no intention of making party capital out of what must be, like everything else,

a party issue, or there would be no contested seats. Sir William Harcourt opened the ball by objecting to the method by which this supplemental expenditure is to be met. The £13,000,000 should be provided, according to the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, not by borrowing the principal and paying the interest out of the taxes, but by simply increasing the taxes of the year to the amount of the capital sum. This, at all events, is a perfectly clear and legitimate issue between the two parties, and we hope the electors will realise that, had Sir William Harcourt been Chancellor of the Exchequer, their taxes—presumably the income tax and the beer, tea and tobacco duties—would have been increased by £13,000,000. This question whether war expenditure is to be met by borrowing or out of current taxation is a very old one, and it is one which crops up in almost every business of any magnitude, in every railway, mining, and shipping company, for instance, and in the affairs of every municipal corporation. It is simply the question of what expenditure ought to be charged to revenue and what to capital account. The broad principle on which the question is generally answered is well known. Where expenditure is productive and is directed towards permanent results, it is generally considered business-like to charge it to capital. It is impossible to contend that the reconquest of South Africa is not an Imperial work that will have permanent results and will benefit posterity. With regard to war expenditure (for the analogy between a Government and a commercial corporation is not perfect), the practice has hitherto been to divide the cost between capital and revenue, that is, to meet some of it by adding to the National Debt and some of it out of the national revenue. How does the account stand on the present occasion? The Chancellor of the Exchequer showed Sir William Harcourt on Wednesday that of the total of £69,323,000, there had been provided by taxation £25,460,000 and by loan £43,863,000. We think that this is a fair proportion, especially when it is remembered that most of the borrowing is not an addition to the permanent debt, but consists of loans for short periods, the longest of which is the ten years for which the National War Loan runs. Indeed, given that the money should be raised by borrowing and not by taxation, Sir William Harcourt agrees with Sir Michael Hicks Beach that the loans should be temporary, and that they should be effected in whatever way is most practicable at the moment, whether by means of Treasury bills, or Exchequer bonds, or a fresh issue of the War Loan. The reason for this agreement is obvious: both statesmen expect to recover a portion of the cost of the war from the mining industry in the Transvaal.

But finance depends upon policy, and Sir William Harcourt is not the man to pass so splendid an opportunity of attacking the Government all along the line. He reviewed at large their whole career, which he symbolised by the fall of Consols from 114 to 97. An expenditure as large as that of the Crimean War and as certain to be condemned by posterity, "a syndicate of European hatred," declining trade, a Chinese crisis to be confronted with our hands tied behind our backs—these were some of the strokes which the broad and practised brush of Sir William Harcourt laid upon the canvas to be shortly presented to the constituencies. We have never claimed for the Government an immunity from criticism: we have never echoed the foolish cry that he who blamed their blunders was the enemy of his country. The Unionists have no monopoly of patriotism: the Radicals love "our rough island story" just as well as they. It is but too true that the Government entered upon the war in South Africa with "a light heart and a lighter purse." There is much, very much to blame in their miscalculation of means to end, and in the relations that have been produced between the Secretary of State for War and the Commander-in-Chief. The debate which took place in the House of Commons upon the introduction of the supplementary estimates by Mr. Wyndham showed that members of the legislature, at all events, consider themselves at liberty to criticise the conduct of the campaign. There is indeed no reason why the muzzling order should not now be revoked, for though, as we have said, the war may

drag on, it is merely a question of disarming the peasants by degrees. We agree with Colonel Welby that the facile and repeated surrender of large bodies of our troops with arms in their hands is a novel and unpleasant feature. Nor shall we refrain from expressing our annoyance and humiliation at seeing a really great soldier like Lord Roberts hampered and thwarted at every turn now by the personal jealousies and now by the inexplicable inertness of some of the generals under his command. With regard to one of these, who ought to be the right hand of the Commander-in-Chief, it is common talk that his invincible reluctance to move without twenty-five days' provisions has almost driven Lord Roberts to despair. Apart from the defence of the three beleaguered towns, we have derived no glory from the war: we can derive none; and what is worse we cannot resent the impertinence of certain Continental organs in using South Africa as an argument against placing a British general in command of the allied troops in China. We have had to pay enormously for the optimism of the Cabinet in disbelieving in war until the delivery of the ultimatum, and unfortunately the cost cannot be measured by budgets and supplemented estimates. The drain upon the labour market, especially as regards farm hands, has been severe, and cannot be prolonged without causing serious pecuniary loss. The country wishes and expects the war to be brought to an immediate conclusion, and perhaps the end might be hastened if Lord Roberts were to harden his heart and replace another general or two by those younger officers, whose discernible competence has been the one reassuring feature of the campaign.

ENGLISH RAILWAY PROSPECTS.

THERE is no use in disguising the fact that the prospects for English railway shareholders are not good. So much is apparent in the lately issued half-yearly reports and the speeches of railway chairmen, as well as in the news about coal prices and the accumulating proofs of a slump in the national industries, upon the carriage of whose materials and products the railways depend largely for their revenue. The City has already appreciated the change. It was matter of common remark there during 1899 and the early months of this year—but particularly during the spring and summer of 1899—that the Home Railway market was lifeless, notwithstanding the excellent traffic returns which were being published week by week. The City is proving wise in the event. Prudent heads used to shake when railway traffics were mentioned, and from their lips would issue the words "increasing expenses." And this would be frequently heard months before the great rise in coal prices. If these critics were justified then, they are more than justified now, when coal is 50 per cent. dearer, and traffics are wobbling between small increases and actual declines with a prospect of general declines. It is no matter for wonder, then, that within the past few weeks financial newspapers should have been occupying themselves with the alarming "slump in home rails." A notion of the extent of the fall in the prices of English railway stocks may be gained from a comparison of the quotations for three typical stocks on Tuesday last with those ruling at the end of July last year. The London and North-Western had its Ordinary stock quoted at 204 at the end of July, 1899, and at 160½ this week; the London and South-Western Company's stock stood at 212½ a year ago, and now at 187½; the Brighton Company's Deferred stock was at 180½, and is now at 132. All round, it will be seen, the decline in the price of railway securities has been substantial and ominous.

The dividends recently published justify the gloomy view taken by the Stock Exchange of the value of English railway securities. To select three instances: the Great Eastern declared a dividend for the past half-year at the rate of 2 per cent., against 2½ per cent. a year ago; the Great Northern has maintained its dividend rate of 3 per cent.; the Lancashire and Yorkshire pays at the rate of 4½ per cent. against

5 per cent. last year. These instances are selected at random. In each case, as in the case of every other railway, the gross receipts were higher, though the dividend was the same or lower. That is to say, the expenses of working the lines were greater. Let us take three other railways to illustrate this increase in expenditure. The London and South-Western half-yearly report makes a better showing than is the case with some of the other companies. But though its gross revenue increased during the half-year by £89,984, the expenditure was increased by so much more as to leave a decrease in the net receipts of £7,612. The expenses of working the railway were in ratio to the receipts 60·08 per cent., an increase of 1·82 per cent. upon the ratio of the corresponding half of last year. The Great Eastern Railway Company within recent years has been raised from the position of the railway Cinderella of this country to an honourable rank. Its profits have been progressive, but now for the first time a set-back has to be recorded, and notwithstanding that the gross revenue was in the half-year just closed £65,649 higher than in the corresponding period of 1899, the expenses were £118,579 higher, making the ratio of expenses to receipts 62·91 per cent., as against 59·79 per cent. a year ago. The Lancashire and Yorkshire Company may be taken as representative of the "heavy" lines—the railways, that is, which are chiefly occupied in conveying coal and iron and the other weighty merchandise of the manufacturing districts. With regard to these railways, owing to the prosperous trade of the past year, the result should be much better than in the case of the more southerly lines; but the Lancashire and Yorkshire report shows us that though the gross receipts increased by £49,147, expenses grew by £77,293. It is further to be remembered in the case of most of the railways that their capital charges have also been growing, and are likely to go on growing.

This last remark brings us to a consideration of the future. When Lord Claud Hamilton addressed the Great Eastern shareholders on Tuesday last, he told them that they were not to expect a return to prosperity during the present half year, and that several half-years would probably elapse before the tide turned again. He was not anticipating lighter traffic returns; indeed, we gather that he expected—and in the case of this line, most probably rightly expected—an increase of traffic: he was simply regarding the growth of working expenses. The main item is coal. Writers upon the recent dividends and reports have dwelt a good deal upon the increased coal bills disclosed in the accounts just published. But it should be remembered that these increases are comparatively slight. The railway companies buy their coal upon long contracts, and though the fuel which they used in the past half-year was bought upon higher priced contracts than were in operation in the first half of '99, the contracts entered into now are very much higher. The huge increases of which we have been hearing so much lately do not appear at all in the last half-year's accounts. Their influence is to come; and how great it must be is deducible from the fact that the new contracts are in no cases less than 40 per cent. above the old contracts, and in some cases are as much as 60 per cent. above them. The chairman of the Great Eastern anticipates that the coal bill of his company will in the current half-year be £100,000 more than in the second half of last year. Now this, other things being equal, will mean a reduction in the Christmas dividend of 1½ per cent. And the coal bill is not the only bill which is likely to increase. It may be hoped that materials generally will not go any higher—there are already symptoms of a decided break in iron and steel—but it is more than likely that the wages bill will increase. And against this largely increased cost of working there is no ground for expecting a corresponding increase in revenue, or indeed any increase at all, except in the case of one or two companies, like the Great Eastern, which are specially situated. Unhappily for the country but happily for some companies a good deal of their revenue depends upon the carriage from port to market of foreign produce, and this source of revenue will not be seriously affected by the coming trade depression; but

still the companies depend heavily upon local industries, and the prospective decline in their output will diminish the traffic returns. Upon a general survey it must be admitted that the prices paid for railway securities in recent years have not been justified, but it is quite likely that the recent decline has more than discounted the gloomiest of prognostications.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

THE war still drags on its weary way. But at last the end, at any rate as regards the Orange River Colony, seems to be in sight. It is however wise not to be too certain on that point in view of the many surprises the Boers have had in store for us. There can hardly be any question that a lack of plan and cohesion has been noticeable in the operations of late, and that the want of a competent strategist on the headquarter staff has recently been severely felt. No doubt transport difficulties have been responsible for much. The main point to look to now is the prospective possession of Koomati Poort and the consequent diversion to our own uses of supplies from Europe intended for the Boers. The official news which has reached us during the past fortnight—and little else has come through—has been of a confused and scrappy nature, and consequently it has been somewhat difficult to ascertain what progress affairs have been making.

On the 19th we were informed that General Ian Hamilton and Colonel Mahon had continued their march "along the country to the north of the Delagoa Bay railway." Advancing from the north the former reached Rustfontein—seven miles north of Bronkerspruit station—on the 22nd. The Boer line of retreat was then completely commanded, and as a result the position in front of General Pole-Carew was abandoned. Our right was protected by General French's cavalry, and our left by the mounted infantry. On the following day Lord Roberts himself marched to Balmoral without encountering the enemy. Meanwhile during the afternoon of the 24th the Boers were engaged with General French's forces about six miles south of Balmoral. The mounted infantry attacked on the right, while the cavalry made a wide-turning movement on the Boer left; and the enemy, seeing their line of retreat once more threatened, broke and fled. The pursuit was at once commenced, and Naauwpoort was the point selected for crossing the Oliphant. On reaching the high ground on the eastern bank, General French was able to see the Boers retreating on Middelburg in great disorder. Indeed the road north of the railway was for some miles completely blocked with waggons and horses. Unfortunately the tail of the Boer rearguard was still seven miles distant, and as at nightfall rain was falling heavily and our mounted infantry was still on the western bank of the river, pursuit was out of the question. The night was a terrible one, and our troops suffered severely from the inclemency of the weather. On the 26th or 27th Lord Roberts apparently made his way back to Pretoria, where he must be in a much better position to conduct the complicated series of operations now in progress. General Ian Hamilton's column marched through Pretoria on the 30th on their return from the front, but whether they are bound we have no means of knowing. On the 27th General French occupied Middelburg—80 miles east of Pretoria and 45 west of Machadodorp—without opposition. He is stated to be still at Middelburg, and has, it is said, greatly strengthened the position he had been holding. General Pole-Carew similarly is holding the railway line which is said to be clear from Pretoria to Middelburg, a circumstance largely due to the commendable rapidity with which General French's advance was carried out. A body of the enemy recently appeared between Krugersdorp and Potchefstroom, where on the 19th they wrecked a train which was carrying sick to Krugersdorp. A reconnaissance of the railway from this point to Bank Station was afterwards made by General Barton on 20 July. Subsequently he was able to replenish the supplies of Lord Methuen's column which afterwards moved on Potchefstroom. From

Lord Methuen himself comes the news that, continuing his march after the occupation of Heckpoort, he engaged the Boer rearguard at Zandsfontein on the 20th, and that early on the following day he attacked them again at Oliphant's Nek, where—according to his account of this and of his other battles—the Boers were completely dispersed. General Baden-Powell afterwards joined hands with him at Rustenburg. It is said that before long the latter expects to try conclusions with Commandant Delarey, and that Lord Methuen moved to Potchefstroom on the 30th. Sir Redvers Buller reports two attacks made on his post at Vlaklaagte Station during the night of the 26th, during which the enemy were driven off. He also reports an attack on Amersfort by General Hildyard on the 25th, in which our troops greatly distinguished themselves. During the past fortnight communication between Pretoria and Kroonstad has not been maintained intact. From the night of the 21st the line was cut at Windrow near Honning Spruit, and there a supply with an escort of one hundred Welsh Fusiliers was captured by the retreating De Wet. The line, however, was only slightly damaged, and communication has been restored. De Wet and his small band—which General Broadwood estimates at 2,000 men accompanied by Mr. Steyn—remains at large. On the 19th General Little with the 3rd brigade came in contact near Lindley with this force. Fighting lasted until dusk, and then it is said De Wet's force broke into two parts. More probably it scattered in small bodies, prepared to reform on the first suitable opportunity. It is being followed by General Broadwood's cavalry brigade, which on the 19th fought with it a sharp engagement, subsequent pursuit being checked by the darkness. General Broadwood reached Vaal Krants—between Heilbron and Kroonstad and ten miles west of Paardekraal—on the 22nd. But it was there found that the enemy had "doubled back" to Paardekraal during the night. De Wet has now taken up a position on some high ground near Reitzberg—seven miles south of the Vaal River—where he is being watched by General Broadwood. As Reitzberg is but twenty-three miles south of Potchefstroom, where Lord Methuen should now be, De Wet's chances of escape seem small.

The main interest of the past week has undoubtedly been centred in the doings of General Hunter. On the 23rd he attacked the Boer position on the hills south of Bethlehem. After a hard day's fighting the Black Watch captured a hill to the left front of the British force from which General Hunter intended to turn Retief's Nek. To this end also the Sussex Regiment, after a hard night's march, made a bold attack on the right of the Nek, which, though well carried out, did not succeed. On the 24th, however, General Hunter succeeded in getting two battalions in rear of the Nek, while his main force moved towards the junction of the Retief's and Stubbart's Nek roads, neither of which is shown on the maps. The enveloping scheme was also being carried out by Generals Paget, Clements, Macdonald and Bruce Hamilton, with the result that the Harrismith line of retreat was the only one left open, and that presented considerable difficulties. Fouriesburg—thirty miles south of Bethlehem—was occupied on the 26th, and on the same day General Macdonald fought a rearguard action about nine miles from Naauppoort in the Bethlehem district, and succeeded in blocking Naauppoort Nek to the Boer waggons. Twice on the 28th the Boers succeeded in checking General Hunter's advance by holding two strong positions on two neks, one of which was captured before dark and one after. As the outcome of these highly successful operations, General Prinsloo, who commanded the Boer forces, sent on the 29th a request for a four days' armistice for the purpose of entering into peace negotiations. General Hunter's reply was that that nothing but unconditional surrender could be accepted. Not content with this reply, however, the Boer commander next sued for the retention by his men of their horses, saddlery and other possessions. Again the reply was unconditional surrender. Meanwhile Lord Roberts sent word that these negotiations were not in any way to interfere with the military operations. Eventually General Prinsloo

accepted the inevitable and surrendered unconditionally. His delegate had stated that the Boer forces amounted to 5,000 men. But the actual number which in the first instance surrendered to General Hunter numbered only 986 with 1,432 horses. This discrepancy is due to the action of certain Boer leaders who maintained that they were independent of Commandant Prinsloo. General Hunter was directed to resume hostilities, to take no excuses, and to warn Prinsloo that he would be held responsible for all the guns in his force being given up. As a result 1,200 more Boers surrendered on the 31st, and General Hamilton has also collected 1,200 rifles and 650 ponies. General Hunter hopes that the total will eventually reach 4,000 men.

These gratifying events mark the virtual close of the Southern campaign. De Wet remains in the field, but the resistance of this resourceful commander, considering the enormous difficulties he must encounter in obtaining supplies, cannot long be maintained. His capture is especially desirable in view of General Botha's reputed statement that the Northern forces would fight until he had been captured. In the North the burghers seem mainly to be held together by the outrageous misrepresentations of Mr. Kruger.

LES CHINOIS.

"APRÈS les Boères," says Paul, "les Chinois." Pierre agrees; so does Mdlle. Mimi—according to all three the day of civilised warfare is over. Chivalrous times rise before them; Paul, for instance, can almost "assist" at the Crusades and, growing eloquent, fancies himself on a magnificent charger; while Pierre, not to be eclipsed, draws a startling picture of a warrior clad in steel, brandishing a shield, distributing thrusts right and left with a brilliant lance, pausing now and then to employ his bow and arrow. And the warrior is Pierre himself: Pierre of the Latin Quarter. Amazing days! Then, mighty nations confronted one another, and took hostages and prisoners. Banquets were held in tents, at which the conquerors stood behind the chairs of the conquered. They drank out of the same glass. They shook hands before retiring. Once the fight finished, there remained no ill feeling whatsoever. "On était gentil jadis," observes Mdlle. Mimi; "on serait bien heureux avec ces types-là." Civilisation set in, however; and put an end to courteous customs. Inventors arrived; and, installed in laboratories, worked day and night in order to make a rifle. So successfully did others improve upon it that a cannon was produced, then powder upon powder. Still they laboured, infamously. Still they sought out new means of slaughter. Still they toiled and triumphed until a modern murderer—more sinister than the rest—came forward proudly with the "dum-dum," and praised it and sold it, and boasted that the bullet would shriek as it flew, and that the smoke it gave up would be green, and that its fumes would prostrate and poison. And Great Powers feared this "dum-dum." And they resolved never to face it themselves. And they decided also that they would only invade primitive lands and attack primitive peoples: leaving white men alone, assailing men who were black or brown or a sallow yellow. "But the Boères are not black," protests Mdlle. Mimi, "for Musette and I saw the portraits of the delegates in the 'Petit Parisien'!" "N'importe," replies Paul, "they are certainly not white—how could they be with their gigantic sun? They are like Hindoos; brown. But in battle, of course, they become black." And Paul, pleased with his plausible response, smiles upon Mdlle. Mimi, and calls for bock. The Chinese, in spite of their parasols and paper fans, have also suffered from the sun—four hundred millions of them, rich and poor, from the Empress downwards. No one can say why they are yellow instead of a brown: "c'est un vrai mystère." They, themselves, cannot explain the thing; and were Mdlle. Mimi to question great ministers like To-Ong and Li-Fo and —, "Comment s'appellent-ils?" asks Mdlle. Mimi. "N'importe," answers Paul quickly, "ils ont des noms à eux." Black men then, brown men, and now yellow men—these are the peoples

who are attacked to-day. Battles are everywhere! The "dum-dum" still cuts figures in the Transvaal, and is about to give up fumes in China. Generals command everywhere! An état-major occupies Pretoria, and officers from every Power plot together at Canton. Et pourquoi? Pierre cannot say. Mdlle. Mimi does not know. Only Paul understands why there is war in China. "Expliquez donc," cries Pierre. "Je veux bien," answers Paul. "Tell us," says Mdlle. Mimi, "about les Chinois."

So ancient are the Chinese that, according to Paul, it is quite impossible to say when these yellow men first toyed with a fan. No historian has ever discovered their origin; no records of the first Chinese king remain—but old gods have been found in the earth and wise men say that they are the oldest of all things. "Les Buddhas?" inquires Mdlle. Mimi. "No," answers Paul, "les Buddhas came afterwards. But many Chinese prefer the old gods (who have no feet), and worship them still." And these gods and these Buddhas are wholly responsible for the invasion of China and the arrival of the English with the "dum-dum." . . . "Were there no old gods and no Buddhas," explains Paul, "the Chinese would go to confession and swing incense and have chapels. They would be christened. They would come to the Latin Quarter to rejoice and study, comme les Anglais. They would be civilised. Eventually, they would be buried in graves. Your Paul would let them worship as they like; but pious societies, pitying their state, resolved to change it by sending out missionaries. But the Chinese welcomed them coldly, and killed a few. More missionaries came—hundreds of them—and said, 'Abandon your Buddhas, bury your old gods, worship with us.' It was as though a pale pastor came up to Mimi, saying, 'Abandon Bullier's, forsake your Paul, rejoice only in a church.' And the Chinese killed more missionaries; and put jewels on their gods and Buddhas, and adored them day and night. And when the pious societies sent out still more missionaries the Chinese became énérvés, and brought forth their scimitars again. And as the missionaries still continued to come the Chinese grew more and more énérvés, and appealed to their gods who told them —." "Ils parlent donc?" "N'importe," replies Paul somewhat crossly, "en tous cas il m'est impossible de t'expliquer l'affaire si tu me coupes la parole. . . ." Silence ensues for a few minutes; Paul waits for Mdlle. Mimi to ask him to go on. He expects her to say, "Continue, donc." Then, as before, he will remark, "Mais ça ne t'amuse pas, ma petite, ça t'embête." And then, as always happens, she will plead and he will say no; and she will urge and he will protest; and she will call him brutal and he will reply, "Eh bien, ma chère, puisque tu insistes. . . ." But, on this occasion, Mdlle. Mimi has nothing to say. She gazes dreamily before her, she is so lost in thought that Paul grows uneasy. She shows no signs of asking for more about the missionaries, and so Paul inquires bitterly whether she is pining for nougat. "T'es bête," replies Mdlle. Mimi; and Paul learns at last that she is weary of the gods and Buddhas, and that she would hear of the Chinese women, and of their clothes—and hears consequently that no European has ever seen them because they live behind screens or in harems, and because they are veiled when they go out, and that even he, Paul—who has read so much about China—cannot say whether they wear pig-tails like the men and whether they, also, are yellow. All he knows is that they eat sweetmeats every day; that they lie on divans; that they never dance; that—dreadful detail—they must be buried with their husbands if these die first. "Comment?" asks Mdlle. Mimi with a gasp. "N'importe," answers Paul, "c'est trop triste, trop terrible."

At other tables—we are, of course, in the Taverne Lorraine—talk has turned upon the Boxers. Mdlle. Mimi hears the name, and would grasp its significance. "Ce sont des fous," replies Paul; "en France on les enfermerait." And he explains how they hear voices hailing them from above, and that their faith in spirits and mahatmas is so profound that, when they undertake a thing, they declare they have been inspired by those occult bodies and that, if they fail, they wish to be

cut into ten thousand pieces. And when Mdlle. Mimi asks if they ever do fail, Paul says "n'importe" again, and inquires whether she wishes to hear anything more about China. She does; she would know when the war will be over and what will happen when it is, and so Paul tells her that it may last a month or a year or several years, and that when it is finished Europe will take possession of every Chinese town and destroy all the gods and Buddhas, and introduce telephones, phonographs, automobiles, and everything that is amazing and modern. It will be another country; after awhile Peking will resemble Paris, and Hong Kong Berlin. It will have a Conseil Municipal; a Bon Marché; a Jardin des Plantes. It will become the playground of tourists; the resort of invalids, the goal of all those who are weary of country châteaux and bains de mer. "And," concludes Paul, "guides will show them streets where opium dens once flourished, and corners where the old gods and Buddhas stood. Great brakes will go about under the superintendence of the infamous Maison Cook. English papers, German papers, French papers will be sold in kiosks. All languages will be spoken, except Chinese. In the distance the pious societies, rejoicing, will point proudly at their work. They will have won; les Buddhas will have been abandoned, the old gods buried, but—there will be no Chinese left for the missionaries to civilise and convert." "Where," asks Mdlle. Mimi, "will the Chinese go?" "Those who are not buried," answers Paul, "will still refuse to chant hymns in a church. They will go where they may worship as they please: to Thibet."

THE AVERAGE MAN.*

WHAT has the Master of Balliol to do with the average man? The master of Balliol had very little to do with him. And Dr. Caird, though standing sponsor for him, recommends "The Average Man" precisely because its author was not an average man, but something, as these sermons themselves sufficiently show, very far above him. The preacher in this case was evidently a man of large heart and fine sympathies, which, joined to high intellectual powers, removed him so far from the average man that he simply did not know him, and so was brought by the breadth of his charity to describe him in favourable terms. As is often the case, the greater and therefore the simpler man took the inferior at his own estimate and, doing out of generosity what other writers and talkers do out of self-recommendation, described the average man as the prime mover of everything that happens, the winner of every battle, the pillar of every State, the backbone of every Church, the peculiar object of God's favour. Cæsar is not in the running with him; S. Augustine is of no account beside him. Great men in fact are a trifle; the real thing in the whole world is just the average man. Were it not that the finer souls disdain sarcasm in the pulpit, while the ordinary souls are unequal to it, we should unhesitatingly put down all such sermons as these to irony. As such it would be very effective rhetoric, though lost on all but those for whom it was not intended: for every quite ordinary man present would take it as obviously true, and go away from church soothed and comfortable at hearing what a fine fellow he was. The peculiar insidiousness of this very favourite sermon (popular alike with congregation and preacher) is that it is truth with a twist. That the average man is the most conspicuous figure of the world in these democratic days is abundantly true, but the preacher's way of stating it suggests that he is so because he deserves to be; and that it is his abiding misfortune that his importance is not recognised. Fancy a spiritual teacher imagining that it is good for a man's soul to be told that he is the special object of Heaven's solicitude, and that the world neglects him only because it has not the Divine intuition to perceive his worth. And yet that is exactly what the "we cannot all be great" sermon amounts to. Its ethics are appalling; its ignorance of human nature astounding.

* "The Average Man: and other sermons." By the late Rev. William Granger. With a preface by the Master of Balliol, Paisley and London: Alexander Gardner. 1899.

The average man neglected! The average man unhappy at his lot! Why, in the very nature of things he stands to be of all men the most pleased with himself. Not high enough to "look down upon the hate of those below," no contending tempests blowing round his head, he is yet at a comfortable altitude which enables him pleasantly to realise that there are others less fortunate than he. He is not lonely for the great majority are like himself. His one real trouble is that there *are* his betters; to their existence he is not quite stupid enough to be blind. It is the one thing which mars his equanimity, for it compels him to have an idea, the idea of reducing these superior beings to his own level. That becomes the average man's life work from age and age, and slowly he succeeds. Not because of his own ability; but from time to time, amongst the more than average men, one arises base enough to buy the commonplace man's support by assisting him with his superior ability to pull down the nobler sort to the average level. Such traitors abound in this day.

But apart from that perennial disturbance, the average man is a slow animal; he can comprehend nothing but himself and wants only to meet himself. His particular aversion is the clever man. In the first place it is an insult that there should be anyone so unlike himself; in the second place the clever man troubles him by the suggestion, not successfully stifled, that his fixed persuasion that the clever man is of no account compared with the average man may not be quite sound. Similarly, a book or a journal which requires thought to be understood is an offence to him. Of course if he cannot understand it, it is a worthless book, but still there it is, there *is* something he can't understand. It has ruffled the stagnant waters of his mind; his brain has almost been put in motion, and he is annoyed. What he likes is his halfpenny daily and his weekly *Moraliser*. This is the average man's rule of life. Eat well, drink well, sleep well; don't work if you can help it, but if you must, do it regularly and make it square with your habits. Outside your daily work never do anything but amuse yourself, and never let amusement have any connexion with mind. Perhaps the supreme moment of satisfaction to the average man of the settled time of life comes about three o'clock on Saturday afternoons. Having lunched solidly, with the prospect of thirty-six hours' inaction before him, he takes up *The Moraliser*. There he finds himself faithfully reflected week by week; he can read and understand without even an attempt at thought. There he finds every one of his worldly ambitions recommended on the most moral grounds, so that his conscience is soothed and yet not a desire forbidden. He reads: "Let it be remembered that if the world were flat it would not be round." He pauses for a moment to ponder the striking generalisation. "Yes," he says, "it is true, if the world were that, it would *not* be round. What a wonderful paper the *Moraliser* is!" He reads on: "Depend upon it, if the world were made flat to-morrow, extraordinary things would happen." Then follows bold speculation and description exactly suited to the average man's capacity, being in its improbable and absolutely irresponsible adventure just broad farce told in solemn language, suggestive of much wisdom. Finally, the reader sinks to sleep a happy and wholly self-satisfied man.

So far from the average man being neglected or made little of, it is just he who calls the tune to which the world hastens to dance. It is the average man who makes good drama well nigh impossible on the stage; who makes the path of a Marie Corelli broad and easy, of a George Meredith steep and narrow; who makes "Answers" and "Comic Cuts," "Tit-Bits" and "Snap-shots" the royal road to fortune; who crowds the Academy and thinks Sir William Richmond has improved S. Paul's; who rejoices when a prima donna steps to the footlights and stops the whole action of the opera for an encore. For the average man, the genius must clip his wings, and be content to crawl instead of fly; the man of original thought must give up thinking and take to platitudes; the poet must write "Absent-minded Beggars"; the statesman must give up governing, and grovel and temporise and apologise.

The "noble few" who insist on standing up against

this grinding tyranny win their reward in the end, may be, but if victorious in the struggle with the average man, they come out of it not the less broken, exhausted, spent; as one whom a fever has left, but left weak unto death. It is very nearly true, as Carlyle has said, that the drill-sergeant is the one soul the average man has left free.

THE FRUITS OF EXAMINATION.

THE examination season is now over and, the agony past and the prizes awarded, it may be lawful to expose the secrets of the working of the boy mind under the spell of that painful and reactionary process, the modern examination. The examination is the last surviving example in this country of inquiry by torture, and the following anthology of answers speaks volumes for the efficacy of the process, a process which is supposed to be one in the pursuit of knowledge, but is in reality, as Mr. Balfour once pointed out in a Rectorial address, an aid not to knowing but to making others know (or think) that you know. Doubtless that is an art much more conducive to success in this world than the pursuit of knowledge itself; so we may compliment our schoolmasters and examiners on their worldly wisdom.

The boys whose answers are here recorded have been pupils of the different great Public Schools; and these examples have been culled from School and Army papers, and some also from University entrance examinations.

On one occasion the English Constitution was described thus:—"The English Constitution is a very comprehensive style of governing, founded on the innumerable laws of England. In Early Briton times there were no laws, but people walked about naked, and painted blew [*sic*] all over with wode [*sic*]. In Saxon times there were not above from six to a dozen laws altogether, wherefore there were not any lawyers needed. But now there are so many laws that men have to learn them for a business. The main body of people could never find time to learn all the laws of England." Again, "What is a Limited Monarchy?"—"A Limited Monarchy is a government by a monarch, who in case of bankruptcy would not be responsible for the entire national debt. In private life you have the same thing with a Limited Liability Company." What is a Heretic?—"A Heretic is one who never would believe what he was told, but only after seeing it and hearing it himself with his own eyes." The boy who wrote the next was a bit mixed but he had thought. "The Court of Chancery is called this, because they take care of property there on the chance of an owner turning up." Again—"The Whip with the Six Strings was how idle pupils were punished in the cruel days of the Norman times." There is something sympathetic about that!

Here is a vigorous analysis of an important period of history, with circumstantial and original details of the facts!—"Charles I. had his own notions of how to be a king. He did not think common Englishmen's idea was much of a king at all. He said they wanted to tell him what a king is. But he said they must leave it to him to show them rather. This angered people. So Cardinal Wolsey, Sir Isaac Newton, Sir George Wombwell, and General Lesley had him tried by the Inns of Court for exceeding himself, and put to death in the presence of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London, where the Aquarium now stands." "Sir George Wombwell" is the muddled echo of Oliver's name! Another youthful philosopher disposes thus of the first of the Stuarts:—"James I. had so much learning that he could not make any use of it. In fact he had been crammed by Scottish tutors. He would have learned more wisdom at an English public school, where learning is kept in its own place and not allowed to run wild." This sounds like the distortion of some master's half-understood remark. Another youth has added this appendix to the greatest Saxon reign:—"The provisions of Oxford were the money banked by Alfred, the good and great King of England, to feed the students, when

he first built the college. Formerly there was hardly any Latin north of the Thames."

The following answer is in the manner of Tom Hood, but quite serious:—"The Diet of Worms is the grubs fed on by the blackbirds and thrushes, that will eat up the crops and fruits if they live longer. It is not very wise of a gardener, when he shoots the birds and smashes their nests and eggs." That boy had been well taught in some things, if not in history. He who produced the following might reasonably claim copyright in it:—"A papal Bull gave you the alternative [*sic*] of obedience or of being excommunicated from the privileges of the Church. It is a Bull, with reference to the horns of a Dilemma. So an Irish Bull is a choice—you may believe it, or you may not believe it." This is definite—and new:—"The Five Mile Act was passed by Queen Victoria to prevent loafing and drunkenness in public-houses. People must prove that they had travelled five miles before they would be supplied with beer and spirits. This made people ashamed to get so drunk as before." Who were the Pilgrim Fathers?—"The Pilgrim Fathers were the parents of the young men who took journeys to the Holy Land in the Crusades. They had to give an allowance to their godly sons while they were away in the east. But they never grudged it, because it was an honour to be a Pilgrim's father." Here a famous act of generosity receives an hitherto unrecorded recognition:—"Sir Philip Sydney gave the last drop of water in his jug to a dying soldier on the field of Waterloo, as was mentioned in the Duke of Wellington's despatches."

Examinees are especially fearless and frank in dealing with the biographies of great men. Of Milton one wrote:—"John Milton was the author of the freedom of the press. He is more famous as the master of Hobson, who managed his livery stables. You had always to hire the horse next the door of the stable, or go without a horse. That was Hobson's choice. Few names of William III.'s reign are so illustrious [*sic*] as John Milton." Another wrote:—"John Milton is the celebrated author of the excursion, and lived chiefly in the lake country near Carlyle." Another furnished equally original information about Shakespeare:—"William Shakespeare was a careless boy and a poacher almost before he was a man. He did better later on. He has written the Pilgrim's Progress, Macbeth, the Fairy Queen, and the Wealth of Nations. He is full of great sentences like proverbs. So when anyone speaks sort of learnedly, people cry out in fun—Shakespeare." Is this the bard of Erin?—"Thomas Moore studied under Platto [*sic*], the great Professor, at Rome, and became the author of Euclid, a very stiff schoolbook." On one boy's page Gilbert Burnet masqueraded thus:—"Sir Isambard Brunel was made Archbishop of Salisbury by William III. He wrote the History of the Times." Here is another strange mixture of epitaphs:—"Sir John Moore was the author of Cornicopia [*sic*]. Since that publication money has had more meanings. Now corn, vegetables, horses, art, science, and pictures, as well as cash itself, are said to be really money."

Here is an ideal definition of an interjection:—"An interjection is a shout or scream raised by a person too surprised or pained or frightened to make a sentence with his thoughts. It is not quite a human language. The lower animals say nothing else but interjections. Accordingly ill-natured and cross people by their interjections come very near to beasts." Now hear youth on Summer:—"Summer of course is a very pleasant season, when it is a good summer, and one has a country place to live in, near the seaside, or a nice river. Then to feel its niceness you must not be burdened with work. Work is double hard in summer, indeed three times harder. It has its own hardness—that is one. There is the fatiguingness of the heat of the air and of the broiling sun—that is two. Besides nobody, unless a scorcher on his cycle, wants to bustle or sag in summer—that is three. The games are quite enough for a schoolboy in summer, I can tell you. If a boy plays three matches of cricket, or rows hard in the river thrice a week in the afternoons of the half-holidays, he is not in it much for writing or reading stuff for the rest of his time. At our school we had

three half-holidays that way every week in summer. Books were a disgust after the hard goes at the sports, and a sleep or a loll was more one's due. Winter is many ways jollier. Neither work nor play wearies half so much then. My own certain opinion is that summer has nothing equal to a good skait [*sic*] or a hearty snowball fight. How one can eat and enjoy himself in dear old winter!"

The patient under examination has no dread of resorting to imagination when memory fails. Hence this boldness:—"Pride's Purge was the confinement of Napoleon at St. Helena. He had filled Europe, but he had to live in a few miles' space." In answering geographical questions such boldness is especially in evidence. One wonders how a boy could concoct this:—"The Gulf Stream is a big flow of water. It starts from the Magnetic Pole at the north end of the British Empire. It reverberates [*sic*] back and forward from there to the Strait of Gibraltar and the coast of Guinea twice and sometimes thrice a day. If you follow it close, you find plenty of herrings, haddocks, and cods sweeping along in it. This stream is a kind of gold mine to fishing vessels." Much more graphic than the explanations of the text-books of the day is the following: "The axis of the earth is like the spoke of an umbrella. No—rather of two opened umbrellas, without sticks. Join them together at the ends of the ribs, you will have the shape of a ball like the earth. If the umbrella globe was loose in the air like the earth, it would be spun the way the earth is on its axis by the magnetism jerking on the axis and working the globe round." Was the head as clear as the language of the boy who wrote this?—"An isthmus is a slip of land barring out the water that completely girdles the land where the slip sticks out." For close-packed blunder the next would be difficult to beat:—"The North-East [*sic*] Passage was a short-cut to India through the Suez Canal and the Isthmus of Panama. It is of little importance since America has been discovered." This definition of a table-land is only remarkable for its delightful boy language:—"A table-land gets its name from its steep sides and flat top. It's all right when once you are up on the top, but it's no joke getting up."

In this explanation of the tides schoolboy and science primer struggle for the mastery:—"The tides are a fight between the earth and the moon. All water tends towards the moon, because there is no water in the moon, and nature abhors a vacuum. Gravitation at the earth keeps the water from rising all the way to the moon. I forget whether the sun joins in this fight." But the next boy is a real wit:—"A vacuum is nothing shut up in a box. They have a way of pumping out the air. When all the air and everything else is shut out, naturally they are able to shut in nothing, where the air was before." Then we have:—"Chemistry tells you what's in things. For instance we know that a loaf of bread has in it flower [*sic*], east [*sic*], water, and salt, but chemistry would tell you how much weight of each, and perhaps potatoes and something else as well. Chemistry is great on sausages and wine. Sometimes such strange things are put in that government [*sic*] puts the shopmen in jail." A practical youth that! Compare the next with the other boy's play on the word "Chancery;" it is not so good as more obvious:—"Plumbago is a sharp pain, like a toothache in the hips and back." Here we have a promising medical:—"A drug is any wholesome vegetable good for taking once in a way, but not for regular food." Very quaint is another boy's definition of elasticity:—"If you bend a stick of sealing-wax, or pull it hard, you break it into some pieces, at least two. If you bend a bit of india rubber, or pull it just as hard, you have not been pulling it a bit. When you let go, it is just where it was. If you pull and bend anything so, and you do not pull it at all, that is being elastic."

What could possibly be in the mind of the boy who wrote?—"The barometer was invented by Sir Geoffrey Kneller. He had found in Holland by looking through glass at the end of a pipe that things look upside down." Not quite so befogged but still curious enough is this answer:—"Molasses are the mules and small donkeys used to carry provisions up the Andes in California." The echo of a master or some other

elder's imperfectly digested witticism may be heard here :—"A mammoth is a dead elephant that has kept fresh for 1,000 years, and perhaps for more. Dogs eat it as it comes out of the ice. It is more ancient than the oldest Army preserved meat."

Turning to a few specimens of translation, it may safely be held that the blame does not lie entirely on the shoulders of the boys. What boy who had not been systematically allowed to flounder at will among hazy ideas could ever write such a version of a well-known passage as this?—"The shepherd, when he faithlessly dragged the hostess Helen over the firths in Ildæan ships, buried the swift winds in thankless leisure, that Nereus might be hoary as to his wild facts :—You are leading home the apples of a grandfather, which Greece with much soldering [*sic*] will demand back, forsworn to burst thy wedding and the ancient kingdom of Priam."* A boy trained to intelligence would surely have scorned to write :—"Tiberius wrote back to the rulers of the provinces when they wrote for them to be honoured with some tribute :—It is a mark of a good shepherd to stretch the cattle, not to scalp them."† It is painful even to read such stuff as the next translation :—"It will be shameful among wretched persons to have brought no help at no part in things to myself, a friend. Shameful to carry back his foot, neither to stand with a clasping pace. Shameful to have deserved a labouring rat, and, unless he may be happy, to deny that your one is friendly."‡ This is indeed all very shameful, and no less so is this outburst :—"I have made these warts; another hero brought me his honour; so you do not strip yourselves, O birds; so you do not bring your own valleys, O sheep; so you do not mollify yourselves, O wild boars; so you do not bring your own joints, O cows."§ Boys who write stuff like this are merely floundering and wasting their time, and are not even in sight of any means of ultimately helping themselves out of their difficulties. Their earlier classical training, if it can be so dignified, has been graspless and ineffective.

Translations from English to Latin are commonly appalling in the height of their absurdity, but it might be expected that versions from French to English would observe some bounds of sanity. But take this from Fénelon :—"In this state he runs outside the camp to enliven the fires of it; he drives to him with a brave force all the heads of the army, and that force ransacks already all the forsaken allies. A divine fire flashes in the eyes of the fasting healer. He appears every day sweet, every day free and tranquil, always applying to give his orders, as if he would be able to make a wise watcher applying to regulate his family and instruct his infants. But he is prompt and rapid in the execution, similar to an impetuous wave which not only rolls with precipitancy its scaly billows, but which also entrains the most peasant-like vessels, of which there has been a charge."|| Such a construing is really a

digrace to any school. However, most of the startling answers we have cited do not depress us at all, for if they reveal a quite magnificent disregard of fact, many of them involve distinct capacity for thought.

INSURANCE.

THAT magnitude is by no means necessary to merit in life assurance matters is abundantly proved by the reports of some small offices, which we notice to-day.

The University Life Assurance Society has a premium income of only £57,000, and funds that only just exceed one million, but its valuation returns show that it systematically gives excellent results to its policy-holders, and that it occupies a position of exceptional strength. The premiums that it charges at the younger ages are slightly, and the bonuses it declares greatly, above the average. They were at the rate of 50s. per cent. per annum in 1890, 60s. in 1895, and 50s. in 1900. The fact that on the present occasion the bonus is less than it was five years ago is to be accounted for by the liabilities having been valued on the stronger basis of 2½ per cent., as compared with 3 per cent. previously adopted. By dividing the whole of the surplus a larger bonus even than £3 per cent. could have been declared, but the wiser course has been adopted of carrying forward an undivided balance of £57,000, an amount equal to more than half the distributed profits. By acting in this way the Society not only retains very strong reserves, but practically makes sure of large bonuses for the future.

Another excellent small office is the Marine and General. This society has also recently completed a valuation, but the details have not yet been published. Its premium rates, at the lower ages especially, are below the average, and for many years past it has declared a bonus at the high rate of 50s. per cent. per annum. The company has been growing fairly rapidly in recent years, but its premium income still falls short of £100,000, and its funds are less than one million. One striking feature of its working is that while its bonuses have been persistently maintained at this high rate its expenses have frequently exceeded 25 per cent. of the premiums. They are now below 20 per cent. of the premiums, and if it could do so well for its policy-holders when its expenditure was abnormally high, the inference is that it will do still better for them now that its expense ratios have been reduced to the extent of 6 per cent. or 7 per cent. of the premiums.

The Yorkshire is another office deserving little but praise from its policy-holders. As in the case of the two companies already mentioned the present year sees the close of another valuation period and the results of the valuation show that, while the company has strengthened its reserves, it has been able to maintain the bonus at the same substantial rate as it declared five years ago. Its total premium income at the present time is under £77,000, and the life funds are less than £900,000. In recent years it has shown a relatively large development, but there is happily no tendency to lessen the profits for its policy-holders by seeking a large new business at an extravagant cost.

Another company which is little but good is the United Kent. The office has an annual premium income of less than £40,000 and life funds which at the present time are less than £700,000. The premiums it charges are just about the average rates of British

* Horace, *Odes*, Book I. 15 :—

Pastor quum traheret per freta navibus
Idæis Helenen perfidus hospitam,
Ingrato celeres obruit otio
Ventos, ut caneret fera
Nereus fata : "Mala ducis avi domum,
Quam multo repetet Græcia milite,
Conjurata tuas rumpere nuptias
Et regnum Priami vetus."

† Suetonius : Tiberius rescripsit presidibus provinciarum onerandas esse tributo provincias scribentibus boni pastoris esse, tondere pecus, non deglubere.

‡ Ovid, *Letters from Pontus*, II. 6 :—

Turpe erit in miseris veteri tibi rebus amico
Auxilium nulla parte tulisse tuum.
Turpe referre pedem, nec passu stare tenaci;
Turpe laborantem deseruisse ratem;
Turpe sequi casum, et fortune cedere; amicum
Et, nisi sit felix, esse negare tuum.

§ The famous lines attributed to Virgil :—

Hos ego versiculos feci; tulit alter honores:
Sic vos non vobis nidificatis, aves;
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis, oves;
Sic vos non vobis mellificatis, apes;
Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra, boves.

|| Fénelon, *Les Aventures de Télémaque*, Book XIII. paragraph 40 : En cet état, il court hors du camp pour en éviter les flammes; il

appelle à lui, d'une voix forte, tous les chefs de l'armée, et cette voix ranime déjà tous les alliés éperdus. Un feu divin étincelle dans les yeux du jeune guerrier. Il paraît toujours doux, toujours libre et tranquille, toujours appliqué à donner les ordres, comme pourrait faire un sage vieillard appliqué à régler sa famille et à instruire ses enfants. Mais il est prompt et rapide dans l'exécution : semblable à un fleuve impétueux qui non seulement roule avec précipitation ses flots écumeux, mais qui entraîne encore dans sa course les plus pesants vaisseaux dont il est chargé.

companies, and the bonuses it declares look small until its system of bonus distribution is taken into account. Policies that have been but a short time in force receive a bonus of only 12s. per cent. per annum, but this rapidly increases, and we find that policies of long duration receive a reversionary addition exceeding £6 per cent. per annum. Policy-holders who die shortly after effecting their assurance could therefore have taken policies to better advantage elsewhere; but assurers who survive for many years would find the results given by the United Kent difficult to surpass.

It is pleasant in these days of big things to find quiet-going little offices, managing their business on high-class lines, and careful chiefly for the welfare of existing members, meeting with such conspicuous success as these four companies.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FIGHTING AFTER SURRENDER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16 Stratton Street, Piccadilly, W., 2 August.

SIR,—In your note on Wednesday's debate on the Colonial Office vote the following remark occurs: "The case of those who, on surrendering their arms, had been allowed to return home, but, under Boer compulsion, had again joined the enemy's ranks, is, of course, one for special treatment." Since my return from South Africa a few days ago I have frequently heard the most sweeping criticisms of and decided opinions on the above subject from persons who, I feel sure, cannot have realised how hard it is for those in authority to choose the most just and the wisest course in this and similar matters. Throughout the campaign the whole question of receiving arms and granting passes to surrendering burghers has been beset with difficulties to those called upon to deal with it.

It was my lot, during many weeks, to assist (unofficially) in this particular business. For that reason it has occurred to me that a few lines on the subject may be of interest to the readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and possibly enable the public to judge fairly of a somewhat complicated question.

At first sight no treatment seems too harsh for the burgher who, in accordance with Lord Roberts' proclamation, has laid down his arms, taken the oath of neutrality, and is subsequently found to be again serving on commando. As a question of general policy it may perhaps be inadvisable—in existing circumstances—to admit any extenuating circumstances in such cases. Undoubtedly very stern measures are required to repress the tendency of the "slimmer" Boers to take advantage of English love of fair play, and to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. Apart from the military considerations of the moment, however, it may be of interest to show how, as a rule, a delinquent of this class endeavours to justify his action. It is hard to deny that he has some show of reason on his side. For the sake of example let us imagine a prisoner of this sort confronted with the Provost-Marshal in his office at Pretoria. Some such conversation as the following would probably take place:—

Provost-Marshal: "It is now the 8th of June. I see by the register that you voluntarily surrendered at Kroonstad on the 18th May. You handed in a Martini-Henry rifle and ammunition and signed the oath of neutrality, in which you swore that you had laid down all the arms in your possession, and that you would remain quietly on your farm and take no further part in the war. In consideration of so doing you received a pass to return to your home, and the promise that you would not be molested in the occupation of your farm: that no further notice, in fact, would be taken of your having fought against the British forces. How comes it that you are now re-arrested bearing arms against us in the field in —'s commando?"

Prisoner: "It is quite true that I laid down my arms, signed the oath, and received my pass as you state. I

then went from Kroonstad to my farm which is forty-five miles away. I understood that English troops were in the neighbourhood of my place; but when I arrived I found that they had passed on. Shortly after I reached home a party of burghers in arms appeared. They threatened to shoot me as a traitor who had trafficked with the enemy, to burn my farm, and to take all my stock. What could I do? My only alternative was to rejoin them on commando."

Now, here are difficulties on both sides.

The vast extent of country to be covered and protected by the advancing troops precluded the possibility of protecting individual farms; therefore there may be much truth in this story. Still how dangerous obviously to admit these excuses on every occasion! The Provost-Marshal has neither the time nor means to investigate all such cases, and the prisoner must be dealt with at once. Whatever he may think privately, the officer in authority will probably have to send the man down as a prisoner charged with a grave offence. Other burghers, hearing of this and similar cases, have no doubt pondered over these things and hit on an ingenious plan for "sitting on the fence."

On the arrival of the British troops in Pretoria, Johannesburg, &c., the Boer of the district presents himself and declares his willingness to surrender and lay down his arms. The weapon in question is probably not his fighting Mauser, but it may be a good sound Martini-Henry or even a Lee-Metford or "Geddy" rifle. The proclamation has promised him a pass on the condition of his complying with the above conditions and taking the oath of neutrality. Even if this were not so, it would be questionable policy to refuse a pass absolutely on the ground of the rifle not being a Mauser. Many other genuine surrenders might thus be prevented, for there are endless agents about ready to say to the ignorant Boer "You see, the English do not keep their word and abide by their proclamation." So the pass is granted and the burgher returns to his farm, where his able dispositions enable him to be at peace with both sides. The English pass or the buried Mauser is produced accordingly as the Boer commando or the British patrol appears on the scene. This is only one instance of the practical difficulties attending the surrender of arms. It would be easy to quote many more, but this will suffice to prove that these matters are not so easily settled as the irresponsible critic may imagine.

The Colonial Secretary's speech dealt with the larger question of the treatment of colonial rebels. This is a point which will be anxiously watched by all loyalists, not only in the Cape Colony, but in Australia, Canada and elsewhere. These men will want to be assured that England is strong enough to protect those who remain faithful to her even on the extreme outskirts of her Empire, and that she will not hesitate to punish open rebellion. I believe that, in some cases in the Orange River Colony, where farms were subject to confiscation under Lord Roberts' proclamation, the owners were allowed to reoccupy on the condition that the Government retained a lien on the property. This remained in force as security for good behaviour. The Cape Colony law does not provide for such confiscation. It is also doubtful whether the present Parliament would confirm the decision where property has been forfeited under martial law. It is perhaps to be regretted that some more material guarantee for future loyalty cannot be exacted from the Cape Colony rebels, in addition to the mild penalty of five years' disfranchisement.

Yours obediently,

ROBERT WHITE.

THE FUTURE OF THE IRISH LANDLORDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

94 Piccadilly, W., 15 July.

SIR,—May I be allowed to answer part of your article on the above subject in the SATURDAY REVIEW of the 14th? I agree with the greater part of this article inasmuch as I think Irish landlords have a much more crying grievance on which to base their agitation,

recommended by Lord Salisbury, than either the appointment of Mr. Gill, or the Local Government Act. I must say of the latter, however, that it is hardly fair to make such a point as you do of "the generous treatment of Irish landlords" considering that about three-fifths of the grant given in connexion with the Act has gone to remit the county cess for the tenants, and also that a similar grant had already been made in favour of England and Scotland. So much for the landlords' "Relief Bill." But the grievance of Irish landlords is that rents *have been lately* cut down out of all proportion to the fall in prices. I venture to say that the figures quoted by the Duke of Devonshire as to his own property, in what you describe as his "singularly vigorous speech, in reply to Lord Templetown," are somewhat misleading. The reduction of 35 per cent. on his English property is at least double the average reductions made in the grazing districts of Wales and the West of England. And the 16 per cent. reduction on his Irish property can only refer to rents fixed more than fifteen years ago; it is the reductions being made *now* which go beyond all bounds of justice. Allow me to briefly allude to my own case which is typical of many others. Rents fixed in 1852 at about a reduction of 20 per cent.; never raised after, and paid regularly for the next twenty-seven years, thus more than fulfilling Mr. Gladstone's definition of a fair rent. Reduced in 1884-85 partly by agreement, 20 per cent.; now again reduced in many cases 33 per cent. I must point out that these reductions were made on rents fixed in 1852, when prices were in many cases at least as low as now. Can it possibly be shown that the fall in price of produce of farms, mostly grazing, has even distantly approached these reductions? My agent tells me "I know no reason for these reductions except injustice; the commissioners were gentlemen from the North of Ireland who hate landlords, and everything connected with them. Some of the best of the farms have been evidently much deteriorated, but the commissioners stated they could not consider that; but must take the farms as they found them." So much for tenants' improvements, of which we hear so much. Now I venture to ask is the above consistent with justice? And here is the Irish landlords' incontrovertible grievance against Mr. Balfour and the Government. Mr. Balfour states that as the Commissioners act in a judicial capacity, their action cannot be interfered with. But this would be an equally good argument if rents were being swept away altogether. Is it not an elementary duty of a civilised Government to see that justice is done? Mr. Balfour thinks not apparently, but you admit this in your article by stating that "it is common ground that the present system cannot go on." We do not dream of asking to go back to "the rents of 1876." But we do ask that a fair rent should be defined, somewhat as it is defined by the Fry Commission; and that above all as Mr. Gladstone declared over and over again "the rent should not be reduced on account of the tenant's interest." It is on *this* account, and not on account of the fall in prices, that the present most unjust reductions are being made in Ireland. Mr. Gill indeed speaks truly when he talks of "the wrongs wrought by English statesmen to buy off agrarian agitation."—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"DESDICHADO."

"THE GUILTY PARTIES IN CHINA."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

74 Grosvenor Road, Highbury.

SIR,—The dazzling brilliancy of Mr. Shaw's paradoxes is calculated to blind most of his readers to the seriousness which underlies his flights of fancy and to the truth inherent in the extreme and sometimes bizarre conclusions at which he arrives by the easy process of pushing too far the logic of his arguments; as when he deduces, from a given hypothesis, itself reasonable enough, the superior fitness to Lord Salisbury, as Foreign Minister, of the most violent criminal at present in our prisons.

He has recently explained that his apparent flippancy is only a pose to prevent the English people from discovering that he is really in earnest. It must be

admitted that his attempt at mystification is almost entirely successful, but it is not a great triumph, for where intellectual perception is concerned, the public, fed on paralogisms and guileless of tropes, are sure to go wrong.

No one can doubt that whatever the nature and extent of the retribution to be meted out to China, the public opinion of Europe will sanction and approve it, but there are perhaps better reasons than Mr. Shaw's appeal to the high Tory point of view of the late Lord Shaftesbury for preserving the punishment to be inflicted upon China from the reproach of undue severity and revengefulness.

First.—As we (i.e. Europe) are, in the last resort, more than a match for China, and can reduce her to submission, our superior strength imposes upon us the obligation of clemency.

Secondly.—It is better policy, from the practical or utilitarian point of view, so to treat China in the settlement of terms of peace as to leave as little rancour as possible behind.

And lastly, we owe China some reparation for the flagrant violation of the moral law and the law of nations of which the Powers have been guilty in their dealings with her.

The action of the Powers in 1897 amounted to theft by violence, and involved a shameful disregard of the rights of China as a sovereign Power. To that action may be traced the immediate cause of what is now taking place in Peking.

The Chinese are vindictive. That is one of the strongest traits of their character, and one of the worst. They never forget an injury or a wrong until it is avenged, and that statesmanship must have been shortsighted indeed which did not foresee that the high-handed dishonesty of the Powers in exacting from China territorial concessions at a time when she was not in a position to repel the aggression could only end in an outbreak of national feeling as soon as the Chinese felt themselves strong enough to wreak vengeance upon those whom she rightly regarded as marauders. Nor is it to be wondered at that China should feel active dislike amounting to positive hatred of a religion which is thrust upon her at the sword's point, and which she cannot have failed to observe exercises no visible influence upon the conduct of the Western nations who profess it.

It may be inevitable that the exclusiveness of ancient civilisations should be broken down by more advanced nations, but in the doing of it it would be wiser to regulate our diplomacy more by the moral law and less by the supposed necessities of purely selfish interests.

The unhappy consequences of European diplomacy in China do not furnish a favourable occasion for the display of a spirit of jubilation or pride, jingoism or revenge.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

D. N. SAMSON.

THE ARMY UNIFORM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Naval and Military Club, 3 August.

SIR,—The War Office after having at last decided to put the troops at home into khaki serge is said to be intending to retain the scarlet, the helmets and the pipe-clay for parade purposes. If this is the case half the advantage of the reform from the taxpayer's point of view will be lost. There will be a great waste of public money for no practical purpose. The showier uniforms would be very rarely seen and therefore their influence on recruiting whatever that may be would be reduced to a minimum. The much-debated question of a uniform headgear would be in a fair way of settlement, if the slouch hat should replace the present unworkmanlike helmet and busby worn by the line. Every soldier knows that the helmet is an incumbrance when its wearer is firing in the lying-down position, since it is impossible to aim without taking it off. The slouch is not only comfortable, light, and convenient, but, with regimental badges, smart and soldierly. It has the recommendation not only of being popular with the men, but also economical for the taxpayer. But it must entirely supersede the present headgear both for home and foreign service.—Yours obediently, BACK FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

REVIEWS.

MR. HENLEY AS PATRIOTIC POET.

"For England's Sake: Verses and Songs in Time of War." By William Ernest Henley. London: David Nutt. 1900.

MR. HENLEY'S verse, whenever it has been good, has always been a whisper, or a pathetic cry, or a lilt which seems to come from a long way off, like the sound of dance-music in a village fair, heard across the fields. His brave lamentings over himself, and the pains of his body, in the "Hospital" poems; his impressions of streets, and parks and water, and the City seasons, in the "London Voluntaries;" all the fitting snatches of song which he has scattered up and down his pages, have a personal quality, and strike a personal note. They are often speech rather than song; but, after all, there is room for speech in poetry, when it is the utterance of an interesting personality, and really says something. Some of them are quite evanescent song, giving us the delight of music, with the least possible accompaniment of words. But in much of his verse, and notably in the patriotic pamphlet which he has just published, Mr. Henley shouts at the top of his voice, and his voice is not suited for shouting. His favourite Byron, it is true, often shouted, and Mr. Henley has been telling us that Byron is the only modern English poet worth reading; or, what he conceives to be the same thing, the only modern English poet whom he himself cares to read. But though Byron would have been a better poet if he had never shouted at all, it cannot be denied that he shouted to uncommonly good effect, and that his voice carried to an uncommonly long distance. Mr. Henley is an exquisite poet with many limitations. He has not written much, but he has written too much. If he had given us only his very best, how good it would have been! But like most people whose range is limited, he seems to wish above all things to produce an effect of breadth. At his best naturally a delicate poet, he would be a vigorous and even ferocious poet. He comes to us now with a little book of verses in which there are a few good lines, a few, as it were, accidental glimmerings of imagination, but not one poem. Some of it is like boyish verse done for play, some like journalistic verse done for an occasion, some like verse done as a challenge to Mr. Kipling. Now Mr. Kipling's verse, even where it is not slang, is rarely poetry; but it is, for the most part, clean and neat in its rhythmical swing, well adapted for the purposes of the music-halls, easy to remember, even without tunes, praiseworthy in its control of the means of charity, and, in short, a genuine article of its kind. But Mr. Henley has been too good a poet to be able to compete with Mr. Kipling on the level of this particular kind of platform. Mr. Kipling is like a practised musician on that strange orchestra which we see sometimes in the street, clinging around one performer: he nods his head, and the bells tinkle about his pagoda-shaped hat, he stamps his foot, and the drum-stick bangs the drum and sets the cymbals clapping on his back, and all the while he is playing a concertina with both his hands, and perhaps blowing into a pan-pipe with his mouth. But Mr. Henley has not got accustomed to his orchestra before coming out into the street. The drum-stick falls on the wrong beat, the cymbals will not clash, the concertina loses its way in the tune. He should have been playing on a flute in the fields, and here he has strayed into a noisy profession, which does not suit him.

And then, the most lamentable part of the whole business is, that even if Sidney Dobell had perhaps some excuse for writing "Sonnets in Time of War" during the war in the Crimea, no one has any excuse for writing "Verses and Songs in Time of War" during the war in South Africa. The war in South Africa is a sad necessity; it has, no doubt, given numerous occasions for individual instances of British heroism. But the spectacle of a great nation chastising a small nation, wherever the right or wrong may be, is not, in itself, a spectacle which lends itself to poetry. We must "muddle through," in the phrase now classic; and when it is over, let us be very thankful that a

troublesome piece of work has been done. Mr. Henley himself suggests that the kind of satisfaction which many people will be likely to feel is somewhat that of "the man in the street" when he has smashed in a door:—

"And they carry you—where? Does it matter a straw?
You can look at them out of your pride;
For you've had your will of a new front door, and your
foot on the mat inside."

Well, that is not the heroic point of view, any more than the lines we have quoted are of the nature of heroic poetry. When Mr. Henley says:—

"Ours is the race
That tore the Spaniard's ruff,"

he unwittingly emphasises the point against himself, and against the writing just now of patriotic poetry. When England overthrew the Spanish Armada, she was a weak nation fighting against the strongest nation in Europe. There was national heroism, there was the stuff for heroic verse. Just now, it is quite conceivable that a Boer poet, writing in Dutch, might write something which would really be poetry by singing, from his own point of view, the hopeless struggle of his country against an overwhelming force. On our side, exultation in verse could not possibly be poetry, because it could only be an expression of satisfaction that a large force had crushed a small force for political reasons with which sentiment has very little to do. There is no appeal to the imagination, there is no appeal to the sense of beauty, which at almost its highest may well be heroic beauty. Is it then so very much to be wondered at, that Mr. Henley, attempting an impossible achievement, should have made a complete failure?

THEODORE BEZA.

"Theodore Beza, the Counsellor of the French Reformation, 1519-1605." By Henry Martin Baird, Professor in New York University. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1899. 6s.

A MELANCHOLY interest attaches to the French Reformation. It promised so much and it achieved so little. Elsewhere the Reformation, however stained with excesses, justified itself at last. Even Germany, which was condemned to the long agony of the Thirty Years' War, found ultimately in the intellectual primacy of the Western World an ample compensation. The political liberties of England, Scotland, and America are so closely related to the Reformation as to seem by no extravagant metaphor its true progeny. But France, which suffered most, has gained nothing. The Huguenot movement seemed to have all the elements of success. It had produced in John Calvin the intellectual chief of Protestantism, in Theodore Beza a religious statesman of the first rank, in Coligny a hero. It secured the devoted loyalty of the bravest hearts and keenest intelligences which the French nobility could boast. It wielded an immense political influence, not merely as representing a very considerable part of the French nation, but also as expressing the vigorous national sentiment which was offended equally by the exorbitant pretensions of the Jesuitised Papacy and by the militant orthodoxy of Spain. It embodied the protest of the French conscience against the unspeakable debasement of the Valois princes and their *entourage* on the one hand, and the sanguinary Machiavellianism of Catherine de' Medici and the Guises on the other. It was rich in heroism. The martyrology of the Huguenots is one of the longest and most splendid of the martyrologies of Christendom. Yet it failed not only to conquer France for the Reformation, but even to maintain itself within the nation. Its leaders were seduced by the wiles of the Italianised Court. Its princes mounted to power by means of its sacrifices only to betray its cause. In the continuous conflict with the State it became itself contaminated, and lost at once the purity of its motives and the orthodoxy of its belief. Persecution won its completest and most disastrous triumph over the Huguenots, and forced into the service of foreign nations, notably of England, the

energy, skill, and character which to the last enriched the French Reformation. The whole story is the saddest and most scandalous chapter of European history.

A satisfactory account of Theodore Beza has long been wanted by students of the Reformation; the book before us goes far to supply the want. Professor Baird has made the history of the Huguenots his special study, and this volume is properly an appendix to the series of admirable works in which he has traced the course of the French Reformation from the beginning in Francis I.'s reign to the disastrous finish in the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. The series of biographies issuing from the Knickerbocker press under the title "Heroes of the Reformation," deserves a more careful notice on the part of historical students than perhaps they would naturally be disposed to give to anything which has so "popular" an aspect. In spite of a gaudy red binding and many illustrations, these books are sound and scholarly productions, written from the sources by competent historians. If the remaining volumes of the series maintain the high standard which marks the volumes that have already appeared, the English public will owe to the enterprise of Messrs. Putnam a considerable historical work, supplementing in a most serviceable way the general writers on the sixteenth century.

Beza is perhaps the least known of the Continental Reformers. He stood towards Calvin in the same position of subject friendship as that which the amiable Melancthon held towards Luther. His name indeed has by an accident become very familiar in this country, where it has been attached to the famous MS. of the New Testament which he presented to the University of Cambridge—the Codex Beza—but his character and life lie outside the course of English Church history, and are except to professed students comparatively little known. He was, indeed, closely interested in the ecclesiastical fortunes of England in the early years of Elizabeth's reign, and addressed himself very earnestly to Bishop Grindal on behalf of the Puritans. When Cartwright was deprived of his university office and forbidden to preach in England, it was to Geneva that he bent his steps, and there he was welcomed by Beza, and encouraged to continue the fight against the English Bishops. Yet the authority wielded by Calvin's successor was scarcely, if at all, inferior to that of Calvin himself, for though Beza was in no respect original, and never impressed men with that sense of overwhelming intellectual force which Calvin inspired in his contemporaries, yet he was far less exasperating, and far more a man of the world. His breeding had been that of a gentleman and a courtier: his first literary venture had been a volume of amatory poems which he would have given anything to recall in later years, but which certainly commended him to the notice of the literary society of France, and helped to secure for him the courteous audience which he used to such effect at the Colloquy of Poissy. His poetic gifts, if not of the highest order, were respectable, and in completing the French version of the Psalter, which Clement Marot had begun, he placed in the hands of his co-religionists their most effectual weapon. It is unquestionable that "in the popular use of the Psalms lay a most attractive feature," perhaps the only attractive feature of the Protestant Service. Moreover Beza lived long enough to survive all the great Fathers of the Reformation. It is hard to realise that the man who had stood forth as the acknowledged leader of the French Protestants in 1561, and succeeded by an unquestioned title to the authority of Calvin in 1564, was living and vigorous as late as 1605. It is curious that the graves of both the honoured divines to whom the little Swiss town owes its imperishable fame have been lost to human knowledge. "It is as impossible for the visitor to Geneva at the present time to discover the last resting place of Theodore Beza, the pupil, as to identify the humble and unmarked grave of his master, John Calvin, at Plainpalais." There is something sublime in this contempt of the human agent. It indicates the grand side of Calvinism. Man is nothing. God is all.

BOOKS OF THE CHINESE CRISIS.

"China, the Long-Lived Empire." By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. New York: The Century Company. 1900. 8s. 6d. net.

"Wanderings in China." By C. F. Gordon Cumming. Blackwood. 1900. 7s.

AS the West is only now awakening to China, nothing need [Miss Scidmore pleads] be discouraged that helps on acquaintance with any of its features or phases. Each book of the moment is an aid to comprehending the incomprehensible, deciphering the undecipherable, and working at the puzzle which other centuries may solve." There are two rare experiences in life. We never attained to seeing a dead donkey; but we have known a man who professed that he understood the Chinese. Wingrove Cooke, whose book came almost as a first revelation of China to the British public, avowed that he did not. So does Miss Scidmore; and as her readers cannot expect her to impart knowledge which she does not possess, they must not be disappointed. She has, however, studiously and evidently somewhat laboriously acquired a considerable amount of information which will "help on the acquaintance" that is so rare and so much to be desired. Her style is a little uneven—rather strained, for instance, when she tells us (p. 6) that "everywhere on their tenth of the globe, from the edge of Siberia to the end of Cochin China, the same ignoble queue and the senseless cotton shoe are worn; everywhere this fifth of the human race is sunk in dirt and disorder, decadent, degenerate, indifferent to a fallen estate, consumed with conceit, selfish, vain, cowardly and superstitious, without imagination, sentiment, chivalry or sense of humor (*sic*), combating with most zeal anything that would alter conditions even for the better, indifferent as to who rules or usurps the throne"—rather slipshod when she tells us (p. 134) that "while they (the Reformers) had written essays and memorials and inspired edicts, she (the Empress) had quietly mustered an army to the neighbourhood, and the unsuspecting reformers confided in this Tartar general of hers, who immediately informed the dowager;"—and doubtfully accurate, we fancy, when she speaks of "two" Ming Emperors having been buried at Nanking, and says (p. 254) of the northern tombs that "The Marquis Chu, last lineal descendant of the Mings, might have worshipped there only four days previously, burned incense and made offerings on the dingy table; but there was no sign of it." Now we should be disposed to say that the Chinese are a distinctly humorous people. As to not caring who usurps the throne, the recent outburst of protest against the attempted deposition of Kwang Su proves distinctly that they do. And we say advisedly that, if Miss Scidmore can produce a lineal descendant of the Mings, she will contribute to the solution of a great difficulty. Our own impression is that the family was exterminated, in accordance with the gentle practice of Oriental nations, when the Manchus conquered China. Having said enough, however, to warn the student that the book is not one that can be taken quite as gospel, we have no hesitation in adding that the casual reader to whom China is still an unknown quantity may derive a great deal of general information from the author's well-packed pages. It is a little undigested; but it is there.

Miss Gordon Cumming's book is a reprint of letters, describing a series of visits to certain ports and places on the coast of China, which were first published ten years ago, but which have lost very little of their freshness in the interval. The author has an easy style well adapted to this form of composition; and she gossips pleasantly about many features of Chinese life. A great many of her countrymen and countrywomen would have shared her astonishment, probably, at the beauty of the harbour into which she steamed on Christmas day, 1878, as well as at the picturesque residences and great commerce which British enterprise has known how to create on what was, fifty years ago, a barren rock. We hope that most English barristers and ladies of position know better, now, than to surmise that Hongkong is "somewhere in Japan;" but we fear that few even yet appreciate the wealth and strategic importance of the island as they deserve.

From Hongkong she went of course to Canton, where she saw many things—from the Cathedral which Roman Catholic missionaries erected with such striking disregard of Chinese prejudices, to the flocks of ducks and geese which their owners manage with such curious skill; and where she heard the system of domestic slavery described in terms which strike us as over-severe. At Foochow she is charmed with the picturesque scenery of the Min, and chats pleasantly about cormorant fishing and medicines, and theatres and matrimony, and missionary work—with which she has evidently much sympathy.

She notes also, in passing, the curious fact, which is familiar of course to Oriental students, that the Emperor receives on bended knee the "Cup of Blessing" and the "Meat of Blessing," as a feature of certain sacramental services (p. 201). The good work done by medical missionaries is fittingly praised; and opium is denounced (p. 480) with a vigour that leaves little doubt whence the inspiration was derived. It will surprise most people, we fancy, to learn that there are alleged to be 20,000 "white" smokers in the United States; but the apprehension that the habit will ever become common, either there or in England, may be dismissed as chimerical. Two highly interesting chapters describe visits to the well-known Snowy Valley, in the hills above Ningpo, and to the famous Summer Palace which the Allies deliberately looted and destroyed as a punishment for the treacherous seizure and cruel treatment of Parkes, Loch and others in 1858. How she found, at Chefoo, a little Danish brig that was about sailing for Nagasaki; how nearly she was wrecked on certain rocky islets fifty miles outside Nagasaki, and how opportunely a breeze sprang up, we leave our readers to gather from the concluding pages.

THE ART OF NAVIGATION.

"Self-Instruction in the Practice and Theory of Navigation." By the Earl of Dunraven. 2 vols. London: Macmillan. 1900. 21s. net.

LORD DUNRAVEN, as a keen yachtsman and one who has taken out an Extra Master's Certificate, appreciates the difficulty of those who desire to understand the art of navigation without mastering all the problems of higher mathematics and astronomy upon which the science is based. He has therefore compiled this work, not for the highly educated nor for the totally uneducated, but for the ignorant of advanced mathematics and astronomy, possessed of intelligence and a certain amount of rudimentary knowledge. Yet he explains in the preface that his object is to assist people to instruct themselves in navigation, especially those who desire to obtain a mate's or master's certificate; and the author trusts that his work, though written by an amateur mainly for amateurs, may prove of assistance to those whose business is upon the sea.

We cannot conscientiously say that Lord Dunraven has succeeded in his object. He mentions Leckie's "Wrinkles on Navigation" as a valuable book but states that it presupposes a considerable amount of knowledge on the part of the student. A comparison however between that and these volumes is not favourable to the latter. Too much is attempted with the result that several important matters receive scant attention. If it is desirable to give an elementary treatise on arithmetic and some space to algebra and trigonometry, such a useful instrument as the station pointer should receive more explanation than is found in the chapter dealing with instruments used in chart and compass work. On the other hand in the chapter on tides there is much of unnecessary calculation, while in the diagram to illustrate the method of correcting soundings for a stated tide the useful formula illustrating the hourly rise of tide by the diameter of a circle—six hours of the tide being represented upon equal parts of the circumference—is admitted. It is capable of being easily worked out, is the most practical method of doing it, and is sufficiently correct for all purposes. Again if there is one problem more than

another which is of absolute value for finding the ship's position it is that known as the four-point bearing: but it is not explained here, nor do we find mention of the method of ascertaining a ship's position by compass-bearing and a vertical angle of some known height as a headland or lighthouse. These are serious omissions. The various uses of the sextant should have received more attention, and the use of ex-meridian tables for finding the latitude made more clear. Ex-meridian observations have in a great measure taken the place of the old meridian altitude; and there are few liners where the noon position is not accurately known long before the meridian altitude is taken. That is nowadays regarded more as a check upon the accuracy of the forenoon work than anything else. Here the use of Johnson's ex-meridian tables is of the greatest value and should be made as clear as possible.

Lord Dunraven devotes considerable space to various stellar problems and to finding the position by lunar observation. Star navigation is an absolute necessity in these days of rapid passages, and it offers facilities for obtaining correct positions with which all who are in charge of vessels should make themselves thoroughly acquainted. On the other hand the lunar problem is not really worth any great amount of trouble to the master from a practical navigator's point of view, owing to the want of accuracy of ordinary lunar observations.

In the chapter on great circle sailing a considerable amount of calculation is given, but practically it may be summed up by the few lines at the end wherein the author states that he has "reason to believe that the little manual on the subject by Mr. Tomson is more generally adopted by the British Mercantile Marine, and better known to the Board of Trade than any other." It gives everything that can possibly be wanted.

When we come to the consideration of storms we are on very debatable ground. Lord Dunraven states that the navigator once in the centre of a cyclone would be lucky if his vessel emerged from it without serious damage, if indeed she got out at all. He points the moral—"Therefore keep clear of the centre and to do so you must find out where the centre is." Excellent advice but it cannot always be followed, nor do we think the commander of a Cunard or White Star liner in the North Atlantic would trouble his head much about the particular course a cyclone was taking. There is no doubt that with small and ill-found vessels it is as well to keep clear of cyclones if possible. The best chapter is that dealing with compensation for deviation of compass, which is well written. The two volumes are however overloaded with calculation and theory while many practical and useful points—as already indicated—are omitted. The author states in his preface that as mariners have to work in a hurry in adverse circumstances the formula should be reduced to the simplest possible dimensions; but this is just what, it seems to us, he fails to do. The book smacks too much of the professor and not enough of the practical navigator who often works by rule of thumb. Reduced to a single volume by the omission of superfluous matter, but including the points we have said should be added, the work can be made useful to those for whom it is written.

SCOTTISH HERALDRY.

"Heraldry in Relation to Scottish History and Art, being the Rhind Lectures on Archæology for 1898." By Sir James Balfour Paul. Edinburgh: Douglas. 1900.

THESE lectures, six in number, purport to present the subject of heraldry as a useful study for archæologists. In his preface to their republication the author describes his work as "a suggestive sketch for the benefit of those who are desirous of studying (heraldry) more thoroughly." We confess to being rather tired of suggestive sketches and introductions. If heraldry is a subject worth the attention of archæologists the question of its antiquity seems to require

careful consideration. And when the lecturer is a king of arms, head of the heraldic executive of his country, and his hearers are students of archaeology, the occasion has surely arisen for some analysis of the evidence adduced by older authors for and against the antiquity of heraldic symbols. But Lyon King of Arms dismisses this initial question at the commencement of his first lecture. He refers to the existence of Mr. Ellis' great work merely to indicate where the student may find a splendid plea for the real antiquity of heraldry, but does not conceal his own preference for the theory that heraldry as now understood is modern; in which case it can have had no real influence on the history of man. It is no doubt true as he states that there has been some revival of interest in heraldry not entirely confined to those who desire to possess by law and record armorial bearings of their own; but this revival of interest will not long survive the repeated admissions of heralds that their mystery is a modern accident, having no other basis than that of indicating the identity of a person who has chosen to make his face invisible.

The second of these lectures opens with a reference to the feudal and tribal systems which distinguished the Highland and Lowland portions of Scotland—the effect of which as interacting on each other was to make the number of surnames in Scotland far less in proportion to the population than in England. The comparative paucity of surnames resulted in a restriction of the number of distinct coats of arms. On the other hand the excellent practice of enforcing differences for cadets added to the number of recorded variations of each original coat. Lyon King of Arms is forced by his premises to deny antiquity of heraldry to Highland clans, because they did not wear armour. There are however some who believe the use of heraldic symbols to be far older among Keltic tribes than among feudalised nations. Possibly Lyon is right, but an interesting example is here afforded of the importance of archaeological premises.

An analysis follows of the relative popularity in Scotland of the ordinaries, and we learn that the Chevron greatly predominates. There is to our mind no heraldic symbol more unintelligible on the utilitarian theory and more suggestive of mystery than the Chevron. We are the more anxious to know what the ordinaries are alleged to have meant. Did they symbolise divinities, virtues, origins? The suggestion that they are the material supports of a shield is to us far from plausible and the Chevron would appear to have the opposite effect.

While the history of the more important heralds of former centuries given in Lecture 3. is interesting, the lectures on the use of heraldry in artistic design will appeal to a larger number of inquirers. Armorial ensigns have been largely employed in architectural sculpture and for funeral monuments, and some knowledge of them is certainly necessary to an accomplished architect. It is to some extent important also for the knowledge of portraits. Scotland however is poor compared to other countries in these relics, for the country was never rich nor luxurious, and the iconoclasm of the Presbyterians was disastrous to what existed. There is not and never was in Scotland a church like Tewkesbury; if there had been, not a stone of it would have been suffered to remain.

The concluding lecture on armorial manuscripts is very well constructed and deals with a subject of very general interest. The combined work though wanting, as perhaps could not be helped, in unity of design is well worth reading, being the deliverance of a competent scholar. The book is handsome, well printed and well illustrated and has a satisfactory index.

In one respect the work is feeble. Sir James Balfour Paul does not comprehend the intense religious sentiment formerly associated with coat armour. His reference to the use of heraldic symbols on vestments and altars is quite inadequate. Their use was we think closely connected with a belief in Sacraments and perhaps for this reason they were prohibited. Heraldry in religion long survived its supposed utilitarian epoch and not impossibly preceded it.

FICTION.

"A Prince of Swindlers." By Guy Boothby. London: Ward, Lock. 5s.

One need not take Mr. Boothby seriously. Probably he does not expect to be taken seriously. He is a sort of first juggler in sensational fiction. His public admires his tricks without troubling to inquire how they are done. In "A Prince of Swindlers" he is seen at his best. He has kept to his proper rôle. He has attempted no "problems." Simon Carne, art connoisseur, reputed millionaire, orator, author, detective, and burglar—with a countenance the contour of which "was as perfect as that of the bust of the Greek God Hermes"—deludes a Maharajah and a Viceroy, is introduced to London Society, and in the space of two or three months wins the Derby, secures the Queen's Cup at Cowes, and amasses something like £300,000 by a series of audacious robberies. Unsuspected by his victims, he disappears into space to write out the story of his adventures and presumably to rejoin a notorious and equally handsome Eastern adventuress, Trincomalee Liz, who advanced him the capital for his enterprise. Mr. Boothby's power lies in the accumulation of incident. Thus, when it is stated that each of the six great escapades of his impostor is given distinct treatment, it will be understood that the author has availed himself of a method that was likely to afford him the maximum of opportunity and a useful one where serial publication was in view. There is a glint of what is perhaps unintentional humour in the idea of a brilliant sunshine and the songs of birds being taken as "an excellent augury" for a burglarious project. Such phrases as "On proceeding to the window I found a perfect morning" and "when he was called next morning he discovered a perfect summer day," remind one of the peculiarities of style so noticeable in "Love Made Manifest." But on the whole "A Prince of Swindlers" is agreeably free from the iteration of phraseograms.

"For Britain's Soldiers." By Fifteen Writers. London: Methuen. 1900. 6s.

"The Ladysmith Treasury." By Sixteen Writers. London: Sands. 1900. 6s.

Familiarity with bazaars induces the belief that purchase money destined to benevolent works seldom buys pleasure for the charitable person. Speaking frankly, we confess that it would have been unpalatable to look closely and sternly at the work of thirty-one more or less popular writers who have given a story apiece for the benefit of the war funds: when charity comes in at the door, criticism flies out of the window. But it is pleasant to be able at least to say that each book is very readable, and each is far more worthy of purchase than most new books, if the purchaser wishes for agreeable reading-matter by the sea or in the train. In the Ladysmith volume are stories by Mr. Conrad, Mr. Capes, Mr. W. E. Norris, "Zack," and others, while Mr. Kipling has done something to atone for the "Absent-minded Beggar" in his contribution to the collection published by Messrs. Methuen. Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's "Renegade" in the same volume is far better than anything by him which we have yet seen. Mr. Frankfort Moore, Mr. Morley Roberts, and Mr. Percy White have given stories to both collections. Even an uncharitable critic will be glad to see that the work men do for charity is as good as the work they do for gold. There is nothing of the "jumble-sale" about either of these books—and they are not bound in khaki.

"Where the Shoe Pinches." By L. T. Meade and Clifford Halifax, M.D. London: Chambers. 1900. 3s. 6d.

These are tales of the slum—but rather of the somewhat sentimental slum of our youth than the lively quarter we all now enjoy reading about, where broken bottles are used for "jabbing" and where people converse with a convincingness that gives us delicious "creeps" of the spine. Mrs. Meade and Dr. Halifax write of the decent small-tradesman class of the Borough for the most part. Their characters seldom forget themselves so far as to drop their h's. However, some of the tales ring true and are good reading. Others, such as "The Satin Slipper," are far-fetched to absurdity.

"The Father Confessor: Stories of Death and Danger." By Mrs. Clement Shorter. London; Ward, Lock. 1900. 3s. 6d.

Mrs. Shorter gives us the impression of having rushed too hurriedly into print. She is occasionally promising, but her lack of reticence, her contempt of common sense and the ease of her self-satisfaction are against her. She is deficient in imagination, she inclines morbidly to the decadent school, and she mistakes melodramatic rant for poetic instinct. We have read worse stories, but we believe she is capable of better composition. Our advice to her is to read more and write less.

TWO NEW BOOKS.

"Rudyard Kipling." A Criticism. By Richard Le Gallienne. With a Bibliography by John Lane. London: John Lane. 1900. 3s. 6d. net.

What Mr. Le Gallienne really has to say in this volume of 162 pages might easily have been condensed into a magazine article. Résumés of Mr. Kipling's books, and quotations from them, are here carried to so superfluous and suspicious a length that the author will have only himself to thank if his readers come to the conclusion that the volume has been made to sell. Mr. Le Gallienne's main contentions are two. In the first place he holds that Mr. Kipling's books have a brutalising tendency because he glorifies the profession of arms. There are many to whom it seems such an obvious fact of experience that men come out of a campaign better and kinder beings than they went into it that this part of Mr. Le Gallienne's indictment will fail to interest them. They would listen more readily to an explanation of how it is that war, and we may add sport, which ought a priori to be brutalising, are not so in reality. Mr. Le Gallienne's second point is by no means unfamiliar. Mr. Kipling according to him is a mere music-hall banjo-strummer. "The Recessional" is not poetry at all, but "political catchwords embodied in a rather spirited hymn." Well, we know what Mr. Le Gallienne means, just as we know what Bowles and Warton meant when they said that Pope was not a poet, and we have no wish to revive in this new connexion that most futile of controversies. Whether the "Recessional" be poetry or not we cannot see any particular reason why it should not be just as good to read a hundred years hence as it is now, and we will leave the question of nomenclature to some Bowles of the future. Mr. John Lane has appended to this book an elaborate bibliography, and remarks that "it is difficult to conceive of anything more exciting to a true bibliographer than Kiplingiana."

"Greek Melic Poets." By Herbert Weir Smyth, Professor of Greek at Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania. London: Macmillan. 1900. 7s. 6d.

It might have been supposed that the increased interchange of books between England and America would lead to an absolute identity of style and vocabulary, but we have been struck of late by many little signs of an increasing divergence. Professor Smyth justifies the complexion of his critical apparatus by various considerations, amongst others by "dialectal difficulties." "Dialectal" though unknown we fancy to our forefathers, and rather barbarously formed, may perhaps be useful by way of distinction from "Dialectic," but "complexion" for "complexity" is a stranger we really cannot welcome. Neither are we much enamoured of "Melic"—an unusual term concerning which Professor Smyth surely goes too far when he says that it was the "term in vogue among the Greeks of the classic age." If "lyric" was good enough for Quintilian, to say nothing of Bergk, it might surely be good enough for us. Professor Smyth is not of course in the least responsible for the wretched and illogical pedantry which has made it possible for us to read in the same sentence of Homer Theokritos and Horace. Very many would sooner read of Mark Tully and "Antony Pie" than be vexed with the stupid spelling of Grote. For the rest, Professor Smyth has made a most desirable anthology—which is unfortunately able to include in the case of several of them all that has survived—from the Poetæ Lyrici Græci. Perhaps information which may be found in standard books of reference is here too lengthily re-written, and perhaps also the illustrative quotations from other poets are overdone. Apropos of Alcman's poem on "Night" we have quotations from Euripides, Theocritus, Virgil, Ovid, Tasso, Ariosto, Wordsworth—winding up with an English translation of "Über allen Gipfeln!" It is a wonder that the book is not thicker than it is. The print, in places small, is of that excellent type which we have learnt to associate with the name of Macmillan.

THE AUGUST REVIEWS.

This is the season of the year when the popular magazines have their vogue, and the heavier reviews are keen to relieve their pages with contributions of a character lighter than usual. It is a sign of the times that this year whilst "Longman's" and

"Macmillan's," "Scribner's" and the "Strand" will no doubt enjoy the suffrages of the holiday-making and peripatetic reader, the "Fortnightly" and the "Nineteenth," the "Contemporary" and "Blackwood's" find little or no room for articles of a holiday nature. "Blackwood's" is fortunate in the possession of a quite thrilling *pièce de résistance* on a topical subject in the shape of Captain Aylmer Haldane's account of "How We Escaped from Pretoria." The manner in which the prisoners sent the guards and detectives scouring the veldt and kopjes in search of them whilst they were in hiding in their prison is as interesting to read about as the experience must have been uncomfortable. This article apart, the essays in the reviews to which the holiday-maker will chiefly turn are Mr. W. J. Hardy's "Glimpse of Erin" in "Blackwood's"—"See Naples and die! see Ballycastle and live" he says—and Mr. Horace Hutchinson's "The Decrease of the Salmon" in the "Fortnightly." The decline in the supply of salmon, which has led to the appointment of a Royal Commission of Inquiry, is a very serious problem whether from the point of view of the industry, the table or the sportsman. Mr. Hutchinson seeks to find out how to combine the minimum of interference with the netting with the maximum of advantage to the salmon stock. He says that the question has become so urgent that netmen and rodsmen must put aside their jealousies and he suggests legislation to still further suppress overnetting. "It is principally by the runs of grilse coming up in an occasional wet year when in a flooded river many fish escape the nets that the stock is recuperated. Give them this chance of getting up as often as they make the attempt by closing the fishing in the late summer months when its results are least profitable, and you will inflict but little loss on the netsmen (though the outcry will no doubt be to heaven) and will admit a rush of new life-blood into the impoverished and rapidly dwindling salmon stock." For students of philosophy and art there are in the "Fortnightly" and "Contemporary" respectively articles by Mr. Arthur Symonds and Mr. Aylmer Maude, the former treating with his usual charm of style the art of Watts, the latter seeking to correct certain critics who have misapprehended Tolstoi.

China looms as large in the reviews this August as the South African situation loomed at this season last year. Events have rather upset the calculations of some writers, the news of the safety of the Legations being received too late to permit revision. Mr. Boulger in the "Fortnightly" assumes, as on the telegrams he had no option but to assume, that the massacre had taken place. His conclusions as to what is to be done after Peking has been razed are hardly less to the point than they would be if the worst had happened. He does not doubt that China will have now to be partitioned, practically if not nominally. There will have to be a conference to settle matters, and this he insists should meet in London. He hopes that the crisis will prove a blessing in disguise to the European Powers by inducing them to abandon their jealousies and intrigues, and to stand shoulder to shoulder in the common interest. "Diplomaticus" in the same review wonders whether we have a policy in China. He is against annexation, our military responsibilities elsewhere being so great, but he favours a protectorate over those parts of Central and Southern China which we have come to regard as the British sphere. Neither Mr. Frederick Greenwood nor Mr. Dicey in the "Nineteenth" helps us much in his survey of the situation, though both articles are moderate and statesmanlike in tone, and both show cause why Great Britain, while prepared to defend her honour and exact retribution for outrage on her subjects, should not plunge into far-reaching schemes, until she knows where she stands. In the "Contemporary" Mr. Emerson Bainbridge contends that "England can afford to intimate to Russia, Germany and France that if they will indicate the extent of country they are prepared to administer and develop, a liberal view will be taken of such apportionment, with the following general understanding:—(1) An international board to be appointed to agree upon a general scheme to be adopted over each district for the establishment of a reformed system of government, the laying out of railways and waterways, and the collecting of maritime and internal customs. (2) The railways and other improvement works to be undertaken in the various areas by the governments who administer such areas, with due regard to the existing rights of concessions, the English sphere of influence being administered by a system similar to the Indian Civil Service. (3) In cases where concessions are granted to private parties the administration should have the right, upon terms, of pre-emption at the end of a certain period, as in the case of the Indian railways. (4) One fundamental principle in the scheme should be the establishment of the 'open door' throughout the whole of China, by international agreement."

Mr. J. H. Muirhead writing in the "Fortnightly" on "What Imperialism Means" traces the expansion movement at home and abroad to Goethe and Carlyle. He is not sure to whom belongs the credit in England for the departure from Manchesterism. "A common opinion is that it was the work of Disraeli; Lord Salisbury attributes it to the Primrose League; Mr. Bernard Shaw to the Fabian Society." The truth is it belongs to the Colonies as Mr. Disraeli made clear in his speech in 1872. Mr. Muirhead's survey of the forces which

gathered up and propagated the Colonial sentiment is incomplete. No one did more than Mr. W. E. Forster, whose lecture on the Colonial Empire in 1876 was the beginning of a movement which resulted in the Imperial Federation agitation of the early eighties. Mr. Muirhead ignores Mr. Forster's work, but in an article in the "Nineteenth" where we should hardly expect to find it referred to—Mr. J. A. R. Marriott's on "The Imperial Note in Victorian Poetry"—it is duly acknowledged. Mr. Muirhead's paper however is suggestive and serves to remind us of our obligations to the outlying portions of the Empire, whether its inhabitants be white or coloured. How difficult it is to discharge these obligations without rousing racial feeling is shown by Mr. F. Edmund Garrett in an able account in the "Contemporary" of Sir Alfred Milner's work in South Africa. The Afrikaner Bond has played a double game, and Mr. Garrett defends the High Commissioner from charges of responsibility for the war and "the unfortunate fissure of race feeling which gaped to heaven" before he or even Mr. Rhodes set foot in South Africa. Mr. H. A. Bryden in the "Fortnightly" not less emphatically demands that "the shackles of the Afrikaner Bond" and all that they imply must be broken in the interests of "settlers and settlements in South Africa." Sir Walter Foster in the "Contemporary" deals at length with the hospital scandals and urges that lack of foresight and organisation cost hundreds of lives and a great deal of suffering which might have been spared. Australasia figures in both the "Contemporary"—in which Sir Robert Stout writes on her resources, her foreign trade and her views of foreign affairs as affecting the Empire—and in the "Nineteenth," in which Mr. A. G. Berry explains some of the points of "The New Commonwealth Constitution." Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt in the "Nineteenth" makes the important suggestion that in breeding horses for war we should utilise the resources of the Colonies. Government studs should be started in India and the Colonies where small animals, whose merits have been proved in the present war, would be reared for the service of the army. Apparently the days of the big cavalry horse are numbered. An ingenious and we hope sound calculation made by Mr. J. Holt Schooling in the "Fortnightly" will reassure some pessimists as to the efficiency of the Navy. An elaborate tabular examination of the armaments of seven navies shows that our ships are particularly strong in quick-firing guns and that the muzzle-loading gun agitation is mere moonshine. Mr. Schooling has certainly not arrived at this conclusion after superficial inquiry.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Lohnpolitik und Lohntheorie. Von Dr. Otto von Zwiédineck-Südenhorst. Leipzig: Duncker und Humblot. 1900. 9m.

Recently we had occasion to review in this column the monumental treatise by Dr. von Nostitz on "The Rise of the Working Classes in England." Yet more recently we have reviewed the first volume of Professor Gustav Schmoller's *apologia pro vita sua*, in the form of his final collection of his studies in political economy. We come to-day to a third example of this kind of literature, and we may be forgiven if we introduce it with a sigh of regret that works of its type are so frequent in Germany and Italy but so rare in this country. There may be compensating circumstances in the belief that though our political economists are vastly outnumbered by the Continental professors, yet our political economy works more smoothly than most others. It is always a good thing to look for the causes of things, and the cause of the remarkable amount of industrial literature in Germany may conceivably be found in the ferment of industrial affairs. Certainly it is to be noted that one of the longest sections in this book is devoted to a discussion of the wages question in Great Britain; and as German readers have had the opportunity this year of finding out all that is worth knowing on that subject in the above-mentioned work by Dr. von Nostitz, and as German publishers, it may be assumed, are tolerably good business men, the conclusion is forced on us that a large public exists to take an interest in problems of this nature. Their essential dryness renders the corollary probable that the state of labour in the Fatherland makes it advisable to study them. Dr. von Zwiédineck Südenhorst is concerned with a special department only in the field of political economy, but he cultivates his own allotment with considerable skill and care, and his work will be found a satisfactory introduction to the history and theory of wages. It is written with special reference to the "minimum wage," and the author takes an enlightened view of the reciprocal rights of workman and employer.

Russland und Finland. Von Conrad Bornhak. Leipzig: Duncker und Humblot. 1900. 1m. 20.

The Finnish Question is one of the many political problems

(Continue on page 154.)

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which have suffered this year on account of the absorption of public interest in other parts of the world. It has all the elements of sensation, and we are inclined to condole with the Finns on having missed their appeal to the public. There is on the one part Russia, the great autocratic Empire, with an uninstructed peasantry, with no parliamentary government, and with a jealous determination to assimilate the countries that she rules. And on the other part is Finland, the small, independent Grand Duchy, with a tradition of free institutions, with a genuine enthusiasm for education, and with a wholesome desire to save what privileges she may out of the wreck of her liberties. The conflict is complicated by the fact that successive Russian Emperors, including his present Majesty, have bound themselves by a Coronation oath to respect the rights of the Finns, and to leave intact the representative character of the popular assembly which they found when they took the kingdom over from the Swedes. On grounds of law and sympathy we can hardly help espousing the cause of the Finns, but it is not for us to discuss—still less to condemn—the reasons which have guided the Russians in the attitude they have now assumed. Might is certainly on their side, and for all practical purposes the independence of the Finns is at an end. Still, there is literary authority for recommending Herr Bornhak's work to the attention of our readers. "Men are we," wrote Wordsworth, "and must grieve when e'en the shade of that which once was great has passed away," and they who desire to listen to the plea of the Finns before the passing of the last shadow of their charters cannot do better than invest in this pamphlet. Herr Bornhak writes as a partisan, but it is greatly to his credit that he does not in any wise shriek; and though the authorities at St. Petersburg might not call his book exactly temperate, we think that unprejudiced readers will find in it a fair statement of the case.

Neue Deutsche Rundschau. July 1900.

The current number of this leading review, which is published in the middle of each month, contains another instalment of the inexhaustible private correspondence of Friedrich Nietzsche and his friends. The letters in this collection were interchanged between the philosopher and his friend, Heinrich von Stein, during the early 'eighties. Nietzsche had plainly already formulated to himself the ideal which he was to pursue, and in the sad story of his own later sufferings it is pathetic to read, under the date December 1882, "I want to take away from human existence something of its cruel and heartrending character. But were I to continue this theme, I should have to disclose to you what I have not disclosed to anyone, the task before which I stand—the task of my life." Among other interesting contents of the review is a paper by Georg Simmel on "Personal and Material Culture." Dr. Simmel is attached to Berlin University in the capacity of a teacher of economics; and the contention he sustains is that the advance we have made in material civilisation, in surrounding ourselves, that is to say, with objects of luxury and comfort, is far in excess of our progress as individuals towards the higher life. "This discrepancy," he writes, "between our objective and our subjective culture seems to be steadily widening," and he is inclined to indict as its cause the rigid subdivision of labour. His essay is an inspiring piece of writing, though it does not flatter the modern man.

Die Nation. Nos. 40-43.

We have received the July numbers of Dr. Barth's Liberal weekly, which we note accepted the Peking massacre as an accomplished fact as recently as the end of last week. Taking this view, the conductors of the "Nation" were absolutely decided that the German Empire should not be a consenting party to any break in the solidarity of the Powers. Even at the expense of withdrawing altogether to the narrow strip of German territory on the Yellow Sea, this attitude was to be maintained.

Das literarische Echo. July 15.

This is really a most industrious fortnightly publication, and we must congratulate the editor on the efficiency of his staff. "Echoes" are given from the newspapers and magazines of Germany, Austria, France, England, Norway, and other countries; there is a paper in German by Mr. Frank Shaw on Australian literature, and there are original articles and reviews of especial interest to German readers. One of these, by Max Meyerfeld, of Berlin, deals with the "Kipling Translations." It appears that "Das Licht erlosch" (literally, the light went out, i.e. "The Light that Failed") is now in its third edition in the new version by L. Rosenzweig; "Eine Manöverflotte" ("A Fleet in Being") has been rendered into German by a naval captain; Herr Lindau has translated "Many Inventions," and the "Second Jungle Book" with the original illustrations appears under the portentous title of *Das neue Dschungelbuch*. Herr Meyerfeld, the present reviewer, inclines to think that "Love-o'-women" is Kipling's finest achievement in story-writing; "the kind is great," he says, "and it is great in its kind."

For This Week's Books see page 156.

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THE WINTER SESSION of 1900-1901 will OPEN

on **TUESDAY, October 2**, when the Prizes will be distributed at three P.M., by Sir William MacCormac, Bart., K.C.V.O., in the Governors' Hall.

Three Entrance Scholarships will be offered for competition in September, viz., one of £150 and one of £60 in Chemistry and Physics, with either Physiology, Botany or Zoology for first year's students; one of £50 in Anatomy, Physiology, Chemistry (any two) for third year's students from the Universities.

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Special Classes are held throughout the year for the preliminary scientific and intermediate M.B. Examinations of the University of London.

All hospital appointments are open to students without charge.

Club rooms and an athletic ground are provided for students.

The school buildings and the hospital can be seen on application to the medical secretary.

The fees may be paid in one sum or by instalments. Entries may be made separately to lecture or to hospital practice, and special arrangements are made for students entering from the Universities and for qualified practitioners.

A register of approved lodgings is kept by the medical secretary, who also has a list of local medical practitioners, clergymen and others who receive students into their houses.

For prospectus and all particulars apply to Mr. Rendle, the medical secretary. H. G. TURNEY, M.A., M.D., Oxon., Dean.

GUY'S HOSPITAL PRELIM. SCIENTIFIC

(M.B. LONDON).—The next Course of Lectures and Practical Classes for this Examination will begin on October 1st. Candidates entering for this Course can register as Medical Students.

Full particulars may be obtained on application to The DEAN, Guy's Hospital, London Bridge, S.E.

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To relieve the great pressure on the Hospital, and to meet the constantly-growing demands for admission, the Hospital has been enlarged and a new Nurses' Home has been erected. For these works upwards of £25,000 is still required, towards which Contributions are earnestly solicited.

CONTRIBUTIONS to both the General and the Building Funds will be thankfully received by the Hospital Bankers, Messrs. COCKS, BIDDLE & Co., Charing Cross, S.W.; or at the Hospital by ARTHUR WATTS, Secretary.

Registered under "The Companies Acts." Established in 1836.

REPORT adopted at the HALF-YEARLY ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING, the 2nd August, 1900.

The Directors, in submitting to the Shareholders the Balance-sheet for the half-year ending 30th June last, have to report that, after paying interest to customers and all charges, making provision for bad and doubtful debts, and allowing £35,338 14s. 9d. for rebate on bills not due, the net profits amount to £370,583 9s. 4d. From this sum £125,000 has been carried to Reserve Fund, leaving £245,583 9s. 4d., which with £60,176 os. 10d. balance brought forward from last account, leaves available the sum of £314,759 19s. 2d.

The Directors have declared a Dividend for the half-year of 10 per cent., together with a Bonus of One per cent., which will require £220,000, leaving the sum of £64,750 10s. 2d. to be carried to the Profit and Loss New Account.

The Dividend and Bonus, amounting together to £2 4s. per Share, free of Income Tax, will be payable at the Head Office, or at any of the Branches, on or after Monday, 13th August.

Of the London and County Banking Company, Limited, 30th June, 1899.

Profit and Loss Account.

Examined and audited by us,

(Signed) HANBURY BARCLAY, } Audit Committee of
J. ANNAN BRYCE, } Directors.
J. J. CATER, }
H. DEAN, Head Office Manager.
J. B. JAMES, Country Manager.
WM. HALL, Chief Accountant.

London and County Banking Company, Limited,
13th July, 1900.

We have examined the foregoing Balance-sheet and Profit and Loss Account, have verified the Cash-Balance at the Bank of England, the Stocks there registered, and the other investments of the Bank. We have also examined the several Books and Vouchers showing the Cash-Balances, Bills, and other Amounts set forth, the whole of which are correctly stated; and we are of opinion this Balance-sheet and Profit and Loss Account are full and fair, properly drawn up, and exhibit a true and correct view of the Company's affairs as shown by the books of the Company.

(Signed) E. H. CUNARD,
HY. GRANT,
THOS. HORWOOD, } Auditors.

London and County Banking Company, Limited,
19th July, 1900.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend on the Capital of the Company at the rate of 10 per cent. for the half-year ending 30th June, 1900, together with a Bonus of 1 per cent., will be payable to the Shareholders either at the Head Office, 21 Lombard Street, or at any of the Company's Branches, on or after Monday, the 13th inst.

By order of the Board,

J. H. ATKINSON, *Secretary.*

21 Lombard Street, 3rd August, 1900.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

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